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FAIR AMERICA

**O Land beyond compare,
Thee, I love best!**

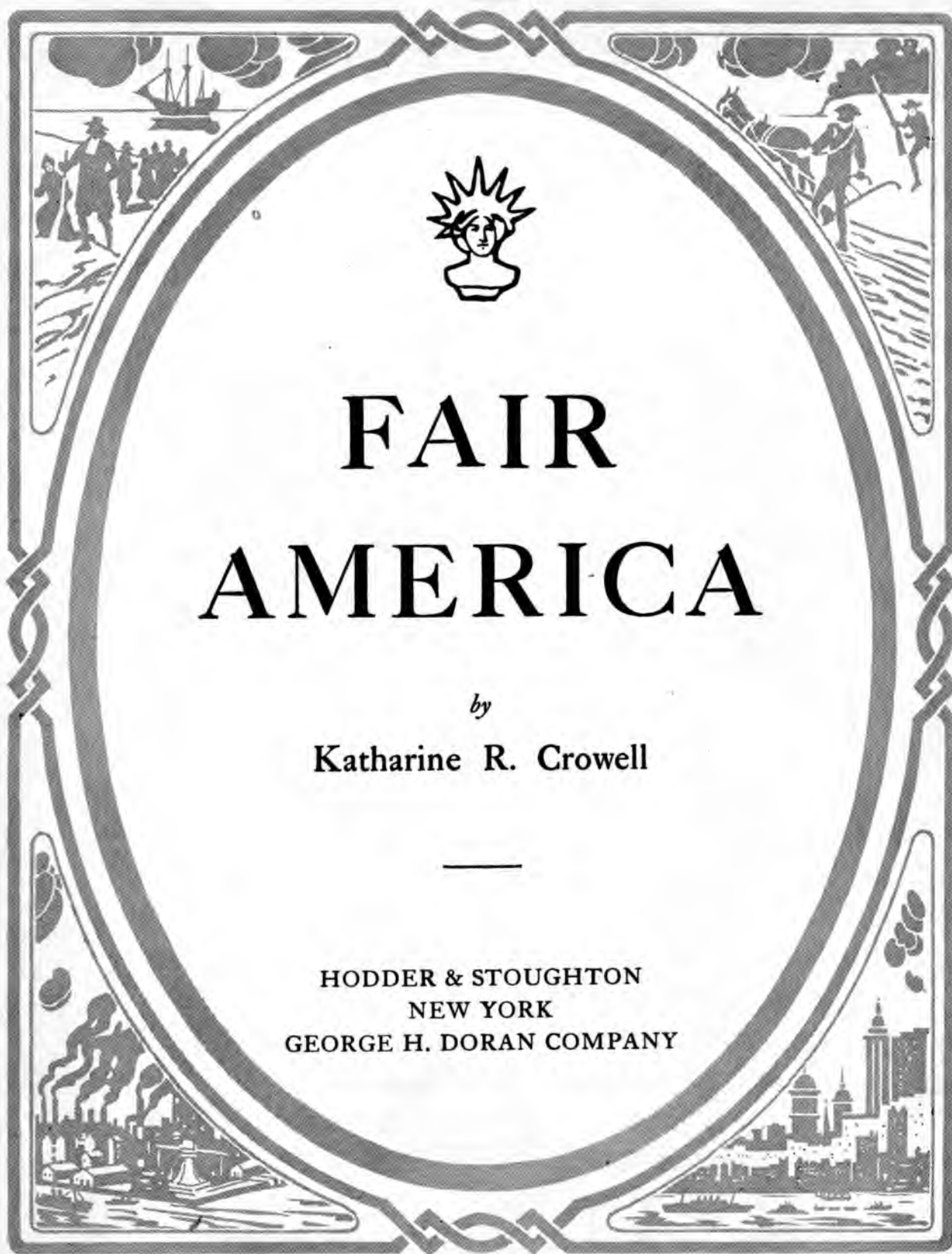


FAIR AMERICA

by

Katharine R. Crowell

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NEW YORK
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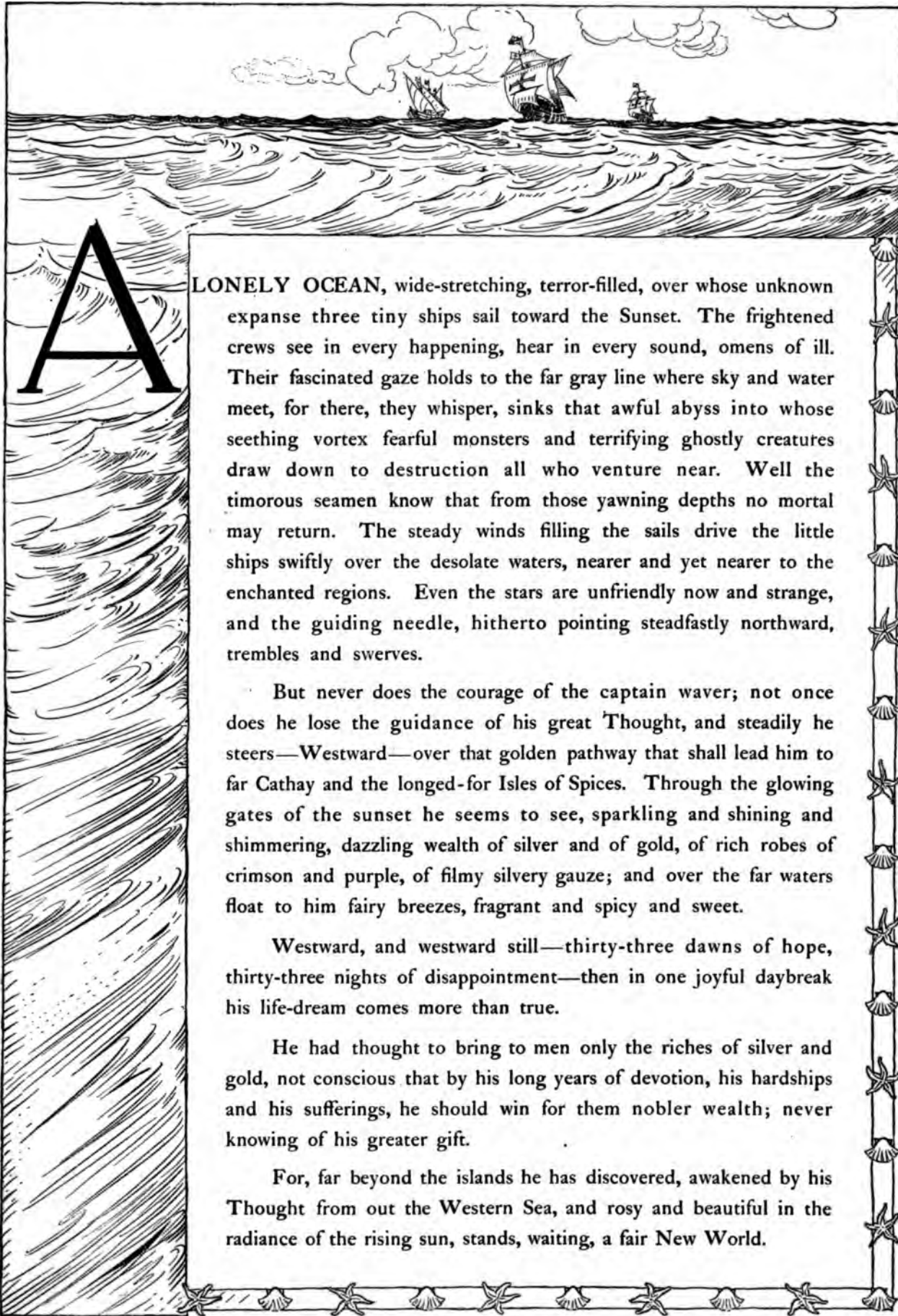
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A

LONELY OCEAN, wide-stretching, terror-filled, over whose unknown expanse three tiny ships sail toward the Sunset. The frightened crews see in every happening, hear in every sound, omens of ill. Their fascinated gaze holds to the far gray line where sky and water meet, for there, they whisper, sinks that awful abyss into whose seething vortex fearful monsters and terrifying ghostly creatures draw down to destruction all who venture near. Well the timorous seamen know that from those yawning depths no mortal may return. The steady winds filling the sails drive the little ships swiftly over the desolate waters, nearer and yet nearer to the enchanted regions. Even the stars are unfriendly now and strange, and the guiding needle, hitherto pointing steadfastly northward, trembles and swerves.

But never does the courage of the captain waver; not once does he lose the guidance of his great Thought, and steadily he steers—Westward—over that golden pathway that shall lead him to far Cathay and the longed-for Isles of Spices. Through the glowing gates of the sunset he seems to see, sparkling and shining and shimmering, dazzling wealth of silver and of gold, of rich robes of crimson and purple, of filmy silvery gauze; and over the far waters float to him fairy breezes, fragrant and spicy and sweet.

Westward, and westward still—thirty-three dawns of hope, thirty-three nights of disappointment—then in one joyful daybreak his life-dream comes more than true.

He had thought to bring to men only the riches of silver and gold, not conscious that by his long years of devotion, his hardships and his sufferings, he should win for them nobler wealth; never knowing of his greater gift.

For, far beyond the islands he has discovered, awakened by his Thought from out the Western Sea, and rosy and beautiful in the radiance of the rising sun, stands, waiting, a fair New World.

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OPPORTUNITY

**“To the homeless and the persecuted
came visions of a home where could
be glorious freedom of thought and
action. To them, ‘America’ spelled
‘Opportunity.’ ”**



CHAPTER I.

THE PRIZE IN THE WESTERN SEA

Columbus claimed the "New Indies" for Spain. Soon after, a Portuguese sailor, finding a new country, gave it to the king of Portugal.

The Pope thought to settle the matter by drawing a line on the map. All new land discovered east of this line, he declared, should belong to Portugal, all west of it to Spain.

But his admirably simple plan of division, pleasing to Spain and Portugal, met objections from other nations, and presently we see many competitors for this prize in the Western Sea. First to enter the race are Spain, Portugal, England and France. Portugal early withdraws. Holland and Sweden will come in later.

Not yet, however, do men's minds take in the possibility of a New World. The daring thought of Columbus having led the way many ships follow him into the Sea of Darkness. They steer directly westward or northward perhaps, or south-

ward, but always they search for that short and golden pathway to the Spicy Islands, to China and Japan.

So one August day in the year 1497 there is great excitement in the English town of Bristol. A long watched for ship has just returned from a voyage over the misty Western Sea. Wonderful stories are even now flying abroad, for the captain has been heard to say that he has discovered a part of the mainland of China! He landed there, he says, and set up a cross carrying the banner of England. Afterward he sailed along the coast of the country for nearly a thousand miles. This achievement means that the king of England has gained possession of "a great part of Asia" without even drawing sword. There is naturally much elation over this astounding news and the fortunate explorer speedily becomes the most favored man in Bristol and goes about in rich silk clothing and much magnificence.

It seems that Captain Cabot intended to take a southwest course from Bristol but was driven by the wind far toward the north pole; so far indeed, that though it was July, he found the sea full of great masses of ice. There was also the marvel of almost continuous daylight.

Of course the captain's great object was to obtain gold. In this he was disappointed, but the people of the country—who were, he said, dressed in the skins of animals—brought him pieces of copper ore; these we may suppose furnished some consolation. Cabot's most amazing tales, however, were fish-stories, which, to be sure, never grow less in the telling. He said that the fish—*very* large they were—came in such numbers that they filled the sea and sometimes stopped his ship.

Bears, he said, came down into the water, and laying about them with their paws to the right and the left, captured as many fish as they could devour. To these entirely satisfactory meals the captain ascribed his own safety and that of his men. The bears really could not eat any more.

He said, too, that the people of the country caught enormous quantities of the fish in nets (he had with him to confirm his statements specimens of the native nets) or even in great baskets weighted with stones. These baskets they let down in the water and lifted again brimming with fish.

Captain Cabot went on to tell of the fair country he passed as his ship sailed toward the south and west. Keeping close to the shore he could see beautiful trees and among the branches flashings of blue and scarlet and yellow bird wings. There were gorgeous flowers everywhere, and in the air was a most beguiling fragrance. Almost, the captain thought, he had found the Isles of Spices!

Long years after, men recalled these tales and the setting up of the English Cross—to our great gain and happiness, as we shall see. But the fish-stories take immediate effect as the captain tells them. The winds waft them from England to the opposite shores of France, and directly come pushing out from the Breton coasts little fishing smacks, bound for the far away newfound-land. The tiny craft are manned by brave and hardy fishermen who will now sail every year to the Banks, bringing back their annual great “catch,” worth to France more than silver or gold.

We shall hear again of Cabot's cross with the English banner, and of his wonder tales of the cod.

The hoped-for gold of Cathay still dazzles the eyes of Spain and ship after ship sails seeking it. One of these little vessels steers southward and finds a great country—so great that after many days' sailing along the coast the captain thinks he must have discovered the fourth "quarter of the world"; the other three being Europe, Asia and Africa.

It is afterward thought fitting that the pilot's name be given to this fourth quarter, but in a feminine form to coincide with Asia and Africa. It even comes to pass at length that the whole new world is called—not Columbia, but—America.

But still do men look for the gold country! They discover all the "West Indies," and sailing through the Caribbean Sea, land upon Darien's isthmus, knowing no more what lies beyond than did Cabot on the "mainland of China," or, as we should now say, the coasts of Labrador.

To Darien comes a Spanish soldier in whose mind is a consuming desire to find the way to the real India. The people of the land tell him that on the other side of the high mountains of their country lies a great sea. The soldier calls for volunteers and he and they start out to find whether the story be true. Many days they march and climb. At length they near the top of the highest mountain and the leader tells his men to wait while he goes on alone to the summit. He sees now the Indians had told him truth, for far below swell the blue waves of a mighty, limitless ocean. Majestic and lonely, too, in their grandeur are the great waters, which in all the wide expanse show no sign of sail or life.

Thus Balboa discovers a "new" ocean to which he gives the name of the South Sea. A few days later he reaches its beach

and wading out into the water takes possession of the whole ocean in the name of the King of Spain.

Balboa finds that here where roll the "southern" waters gold stories abound. But the riches of Mexico and Peru do not concern us save as their marvels added fuel to the already burning covetousness of the Spainard. Other stories, too, were told. Nothing in those days seemed beyond belief, and realizing the transcendent unbelievableness of Columbus' great idea—which yet "came true"—we can hardly wonder at the credulity of the people.

There was, for instance, that alluring fancy of a fountain of perpetual youth. Ponce de Leon, a Spaniard, firmly believed there was such a fountain and at great trouble and pains made a long search for it. He did not find the fountain but he did discover a beautiful country which, because he first saw it on Easter Sunday, he named *Pascua Florida*. This discovery was made in the same year as Balboa's and does concern us, as we shall see later.

Florida, too, was said to be a land of gold, as were Peru and Mexico, and tales of its marvelous wealth were speedily carried back to Spain. Presently is fitted out an expedition to America. Many ships, many knights in armor, much ammunition and provision, and great expectations of a triumphant return with galleons full of gold and silver and precious stones. Thus, in great glory, De Soto sets out from Spain. He lands at Tampa Bay and he and his men begin the search for El Dorado, the country of the "gilded men"—for so the stories go. The bodies of the men of the country are covered, they say, with powdered gold, their armor is made of plates of solid

gold and in their houses are to be found "bushels" of pearls. De Soto first looks for these glittering sons of the forest in the Appalachian Mountains, but finds instead all along the way red-skinned men, extraordinary only for their fierceness and horrible cruelty. The Spaniards have ever treated cruelly and without mercy the at first kind and friendly Indians. They reap as they have sown, not De Soto alone, but after him all white men, for the Indian's memory of wrongs and injuries and his desire for revenge never die. There are many battles with these relentless foes, long marches over mountains and through fever-breeding swamps, much hunger and suffering and constant disappointment, but always just beyond flicker the will-o'-the-wisp stories of gold.

De Soto, ever hopeful, presses on, and ever the will-o'-the-wisp retreats before him. By-and-by some friendly Indians tell of a Great Water flowing between him and the sunset, and De Soto, passing one day through an Indian village, looks upon a wondrous river whose tremendous current rushing by carries with it great uprooted trees. So De Soto the Brave sees, first of white men, the Mississippi, Father of Waters. On its banks he sets up a cross and claims the great river for Spain.

Still dazzles in the west the promise of gold, but De Soto never overtakes it, for here by the rushing river he dies, and the few who are left of his army of followers, fearing that the Indians may discover the death of their leader, under cover of night sink his body in the dark waters.

Nevertheless the wonder tales still float back to Spain. Especially potent is the lure of the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola, whose story is told by the Spanish friar, Father Marco.

In the search for them there is much travelling through the western country, across plains dark with great herds of buffalo, and into the mountains, where ever beckons the alluring gold.

Strangely enough, Coronado and his tireless searchers stop just short of the longed-for mines, but the Seven Cities they find; yet are they not built of gold. They reach at length the wondrous canyons of Arizona, the Firebrand River and the Vermillion Sea, and, continuing up the coast of California, Coronado claims all the land for Spain.

And all the way from ocean to ocean the Spaniard, finding free men, made them slaves; even "converting" them, he took their liberty away.

Thus far Spain wins in the race for the New World. To her its glorious opportunity means only silver and gold and the enslaving of men.

The Breton fishermen, coming and going on their annual trips over the Atlantic Ocean, made a pathway for Frenchmen to follow who, presently, sailing around Newfoundland came upon the outlet of a mighty river. This, they said, surely must be the short way to India! Whether so or not, they soon found that the river flowed through a country which was a very treasure house for furs, and in furs they knew lay boundless riches. Moreover, the shrewd Frenchmen perceived that who so should gain control of the river-way could hold this vast country and its wealth against all comers and lay foundations for a future great empire for France.

Accordingly there now begins in the new world a very romance of exploration—and not merely exploration, for with

it is attempted the conversion to Christianity of the people of the country.

This is the law—with each explorer must journey a missionary comrade—and never have missionaries or explorers done more heroic work. In some instances the intrepid Jesuit priest himself becomes the real explorer.

At the same time fishermen and fur traders are penetrating farther and farther into the wilderness. All these men follow the Indian paths, especially the river trails. They press on up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, over the lakes and even beyond them, almost reaching the misty blue walls of the West. The map is now their memorial; on it live the great names of Cartier and Champlain and Joliet; of Father Marquette and La Salle the Dauntless, of other men too, equally courageous and devoted.

The cross bearing the lilies moves with them, westward, and at length, at the Falls of St. Mary, declares sovereignty over Lake Huron and Lake Superior and all the country from Newfoundland “as far as the Western Sea.”

Here in the western country are Indians who proudly say that their hunting grounds reach to the ends of the earth and that in them rises a great river whose course, if followed, will carry men on to the sea. But to what sea? It seems strange to us that no one could then answer this question. Is it the Atlantic Ocean, the Great Gulf of the South, or the Vermillion Sea of the Spaniard?

The King of France sends Joliet, the explorer, to solve the problem and Joliet promises not to return until he has found the river's outlet to the sea. His appointed comrade is the Jesuit

priest, Marquette, who waits for him at the mission station of Machillimacinac. When Joliet arrives, the two men set bravely forth in their canoes, cross the head of Lake Michigan, pass on into Green Bay, paddle down the Fox River, and carry their canoes over Indian trails to the Wisconsin River, which on one triumphant morning sweeps them grandly into the Father of Waters.

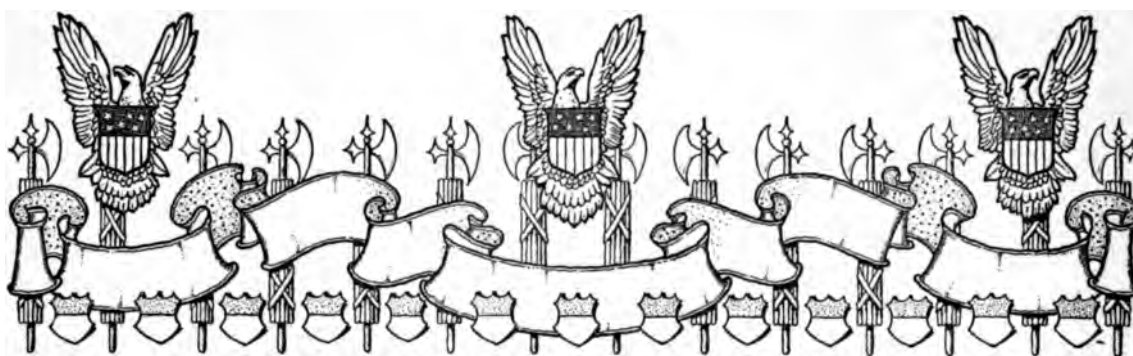
Yet this is only the beginning. Still they go on downstream, passing many points where great rivers add their rushing floods to the already mighty torrent of the Mississippi. They reach at length the Arkansas, where De Soto and his Spaniards had been before. Here they are told that the Indians to the south of them will never allow the white man to go through their country, and Joliet decides to break his promise and turn back. He has gone only far enough to be certain that the great river is not the road to the South Seas. So the mouth of the Mississippi is a mystery still.

But there is now on his way to its baffling waters a man who carries within him the steady impelling force of a great thought. This is his Thought—to win for France the whole magnificent system of waterways of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, holding which she shall have the entire continent at her command. And by his courage and endurance, his brains, and his unconquerable will, he brings to light the hidden secrets of the mysterious river and at last, after years of search, set up at its mouth, in the cross and lilies, the sign that France has conquered. In the process of his search and by his inspiration, forts arise at strategic points to guard for France the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the Mississippi, and presently appears

on Lake Erie the sails of the *Griffin*, first of lake craft. Thus La Salle thinks to lay foundations for a great New France in the western world. Though he dies in giving the great domain to his king, yet does the king spurn his thought. Louis Fourteenth of France desires not a western empire but—furs. So the vast forests are left standing and only trading-posts, mission stations and forts are found where rivers converge and where Indian trails cross. Along the banks of the larger rivers run the narrow, ribbon-like gardens of the French comers to the wilderness. Beyond this margin the wild hunting grounds are left undisturbed, and the animals who inhabit it unaffrighted—by order of the king. Trappers and traders, forest rangers and *voyageurs*, making friends with the Indians, live with them and adopt their mode of life.

So progresses France in the race. Yet does the opportunity of the new world signify to her merely a profitable trade, for the continuance of which the country is by royal decree to remain a wilderness, and savage. All emigrants thither are to make friends with the Indians so as to obtain from them the rich furs of the far interior; they are to be subject to the Jesuit priests, and are not to be educated; for never must *the people* be trained to think, nor allowed to speak their minds!

Fish and furs and despotism—such is the French ideal.



CHAPTER II.

THAT NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Something very queer and unusual has happened on a long-ago day in a certain orphan asylum in London. Generally in this institution the days are all alike for the boys and girls—monotonous and deadly dull—but this day there is much stir and restlessness. No one knows exactly what has occurred but every boy and every girl feels a difference in the very air, and life becomes suddenly interesting; for that this morning's solemn visitation of high and mighty personages concerns *them* they can have no doubt.

Has not each boy and each girl been called to stand in fear and in a great trembling before these impressive beings to be looked over and questioned? And could they, even in their fright, fail to notice that after the examination was over, some names were written down on a paper by the most magnificent of the visitors, and also that some were *not* so written?

And afterwards they had been sent back to their tasks, not apathetic as usual, but in a fever of curiosity and suspense.

Something is about to happen in this dull place where nothing ever does happen. So much they know and no more.

Some weeks later the object of the visit is made known and in the hearts of a hundred boys and girls—whose names *had* been written down—awakens a tumult of wild excitement—of warm and eager hopes and of chilly fears.

But for those whose names had not been written the dull days will move slowly on, as before.

Directly, a ship ties to a London dock and it is interesting enough to watch its lading. Clothing is put aboard, linen, woolen, silk, leather and hats; household articles, hoes and rakes and spades, cabinets, chairs, tables, stools, chests, boxes, cartwheels, even wooden bowls and birch-brooms; glass beads of many colors, small mirrors, and other trinkets; butter, cheese and much provision; horses, cows and pigs—but all this seems to us as nothing, when looking up the street we see long lines of boys and girls approaching, for we see now that the grand visitors at the orphan asylum were the officers of the Virginia Company. Their colony in America needed more children—and here they are!

There are grown people too, on their way to the ship—among them two or three richly dressed and aristocratic-looking families, some people of broken fortunes, some adventurers, and criminals; but mostly they are poor men whom hard conditions are driving from England to find, perhaps, better luck in the new world on the other side of the sea.

The ship sets sail at length, but when some distance down the river, the captain misses from his bills of lading the item *salt*. There is much excited searching—and language—

but to no effect. Salt is life to the colony, and the ship must needs put back. Finally, with the salt and other belated articles, the captain starts once more, and for days and weeks our children sail over lonely waters to the unknown land.

Far away—in those days, O far, far, away!—lies a beautiful, weird country. It is strangely silent, and a strange sunshine bathes it—casting sharp and inky black shadows across park-like openings in dense forests. Gorgeous flowering vines spring from tree to tree and on their swaying branches are countless monkeys whose loud chattering seems but to deepen the pervading stillness. There are lions in this country and elephants and huge serpents, but strangest of all are the villages of the black-skinned people of the forest.

As we look upon one such village there arise wild cries of terror, and men, women and children seek refuge far within the deep woods, but vainly, for the dreaded slave raider has suddenly appeared and captivity or death is certain. And presently we see another procession winding down to the sea—cruel, and sad as sad can be. Here also waits a vessel. Into it these poor manacled creatures are driven; and over gray and desolate waters sails the ship.

So they journey westward—the white children and the black—to meet at length in that lovely southland of flowers and fragrance and singing birds which Captain Cabot, discovering, had bequeathed to the King of England.

That was long ago, and kings and queens had come and gone, regardless of these sunny possessions in the new world. Indeed they looked upon them rather as an obtrusive land-bar,

blocking the way to the South Sea, for all the world was now searching for a Northwest Passage to India, which should be for them a pathway to riches and glory.

It is safe to say that not an estuary of the Atlantic stretched landward, not a river poured its waters into the sea, which had not been hopefully entered by some eager ocean-rover in the trembling belief that now, at last, *he* has discovered that shining water-way of men's dreams.

Soon or late, his bright hopes fade, and in keen disappointment he retraces his course, to try—and fail—again.

Nevertheless these expeditions are not failures; and the explorers do better than they know, for the crestfallen ships, returning, bring in addition to furs and other trophies of the wealth of the new world, stories of sparkling sands in the river beds and silvery gleams on the mountain sides.

In those days all was gold—or silver—that thus glittered, and many a ship now sailed over the sea to the new world hoping to make there its owner's fortune.

And at length, after terrible sufferings—from famine, sickness and Indian massacre—the colonists of Virginia did win gold—not in the glistening river-sands, but from ever-extending plantations of tobacco. The cultivation of these fields being the easiest road to wealth, all other industries gave way to it, and it is partly on this account that ships coming from England bring out such varied cargoes. Another reason is that the upper classes will not work, and the lower classes—untrained and unskilled—cannot. So it is that while Virginia's fine climate and soil are equal to any demand, and the rich woods of the forest trees only wait for the skill of the carpenter and

cabinet-maker, almost every article of necessity or luxury comes from over the sea.

There was always need for more laborers in the tobacco plantations and every ship expected at Jamestown was eagerly watched for by the planters.

At this time Jamestown is crowded with delegates to the Legislative Convention—the first Representative Assembly in America—which is holding its sessions in the church. This is a great day for our country—for good, and also for evil—as we shall see.

So, many planters are now gathered at the wharf to watch the coming in of the Dutch ship from Africa, and the English ship, bringing our boys and girls. Ah, well if the children fall into kind hands, happy are they if the planter be gentle and kind, for these boys and girls are really *sold*. For seven years at least, perhaps longer, they must serve the planter, subject in all things to his commands. Even when they come of age they are not to be allowed to own a home, but will be provided with a house on the common land, and corn for a year, and a cow. For this they will pay rent, and be “renters” only, for life. But, be their masters cruel or kind, the boys and girls are speedily claimed: and then attention is given to the men who came on the ship. As we look on we see that when arrangements are completed with these men, the planter writes various items on a paper, then tears it—unevenly—lengthwise. One strip he keeps, the other he gives to the man, who thus becomes his “indentured” servant and bound to work for him and to obey him for seven years. When this term shall expire there will be a second contract for another seven years. “Field

hands" are the great need of the colony and the planter holds the hope that the man, after a servitude of fourteen years on a farm, will—from force of habit—remain a farmer for life.

There yet remain the black-skinned captives on the Dutch ship, who are miserable and homesick, yet seem strong of body and likely to stand, better than white men, the fervid sun of the tobacco fields. So the captain sells his cargo to the highest bidders and sails away, leaving behind him the beginning of slavery in our America: for although the terms of servitude were, for the first comers, the same as for white men, yet very soon we shall see great numbers of negroes brought to the colonies to be sold from one master to another, and to be hopeless slaves as long as life shall last.

In these early days the many rivers of this low-lying region serve for roads, and directly the new possessions—human and other—are placed in boats, and up the rivers and through the sweet country travel our stranger boys and girls. The beauty and fragrance and sweet sounds, the new and strange birds and animals and insects capture their attention and all is well while daylight lasts; but the night falls long before they reach the faraway plantations and now the loneliness and the mysterious stealthy sounds about them are hard indeed to bear. One louder noise, very close to them, is terrifying. It is like the bellow of a bull, but the frightened children are told that it is but the croaking of the frogs of the country! There are many of them and they croak all together, then—suddenly—they stop; what a relief! but in a moment they begin again, and so it goes on—a "roar" and a silence, a roar and a silence, until the poor, tired children can bear it no longer.

At long intervals there are wharves along the river edge. At each one a boat stops and the tired out and hungry strangers are taken to the servants' cabins in the rear of the planter's house. To-morrow will begin long hours in the tobacco fields; the next day will be the same, and the next, and the next. Perhaps after all the children who remained in the asylum are the fortunate ones.

The log cabins of these servants are rough and uncomfortable, but the planters' well-built houses are spacious and roomy. Every ship will bring something to increase the richness of their furnishing, and to add even greater elegance to the attire of the planter's family. There will be in these handsome homes gracious and generous hospitality, and the richly spread tables even now "groan" with varied food whose deliciousness becomes a proverb. There will be books in the library, and in the stables fine horses for the hunt. There will be gay music and dancing and much pleasure in life, for the handsome lord and lady, for the beautiful daughters and knightly sons.

The planters and their sons, having education and leisure, become men of thought; the responsibility and management of large estates and the control of many servants make them men of action. In a coming time of need their descendants will be strong leaders of men—to the saving of our country—for the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty is strong in these planters of Virginia and we owe to them a great debt. They institute in America many of the free customs of Old England, and in Jamestown, in the year 1619, as we have seen, meets the first representative assembly in America—but the delegates are chosen from among the rich planters—not from "the people."

The children of the planters are liberally educated, in England or by tutors brought out from England, and life for them will be free and full.

But in Virginia there is no education and no freedom for the children of the poor.

Far up on the Atlantic coast lies a group of islands. In the early days of America, they were as emeralds resting upon sapphire waters.

Upon one of them we may see houses with queer gables; and windmills; and many sleek cattle grazing in rich meadows. There are orchards of fruit trees showing successive clouds of white and pink and rosy bloom. There are funny, crooked lanes and streets where are playing happy children—red-cheeked, blue-eyed, yellow-haired—in quaint and rainbow-colored clothing.

There are fields of blue flax, and there are green meadows beside a flashing brook to which winds a pathway in the soft grass, worn by the wooden shoes of merry maidens who troop thither to soften in the running water bundles of flax, and later to bleach on the grass the linen made from them. Ever since, this one-time meadow pathway has been called "Maiden Lane."

The gabled houses are built of yellow and black brick, and they and all their furnishing are shining and clean as clean can be. On their high "stoops" are comfortable-looking men, short and very stout, each one smoking a contemplative pipe. Inside the house nothing could be grander—and stiffer—than the sanded parlor, polished to such a degree that everything in it is mutually reflective; and nothing could be more cheery

and satisfying than the bright and sunny kitchen, whose yellow floor and blue delftware, and scintillating pewter and snowy curtains and sparkling glass, and scarlet and golden tulip gardens on the window-sills make a very carnival of color. The many-skirted housewife and her daughters are not graceful, but they look kind and good—and busy—yet unhurried and serene.

From the back-bar in the great fireplace hang many pots and kettles from which steam forth odors savory and enticing.

In the Dutch oven revolves delectable venison; the bake kettle holds delicious compounds. By a table a tiny Dutch maiden stands on tiptoe watching the evolution of “rolly koeks,” which will presently come from the fry-kettle, crisp and toothsome, ready to receive the crowning touch of delight—a rolling in ground cinnamon and sugar.

It must be admitted that in this bright and quaint village the good things of this life are greatly enjoyed. And not only supplies for the inner man—for in the long afternoons there are neighborly gatherings on the high stoops, much hilarity and friendly gossip, and enjoyment of refreshing salt breezes, and of magnificent sunset skies and glowing waters.

And on Sundays all the people go to church and listen to fine—and long—sermons, and at Christmas time and New Year’s Day and Easter the brightly tinted and wooden-shod *kinchen* are the happiest *kinchen* in all the world!

And all because one Henry Hudson, “discovering” and sailing up an entrancingly beautiful river, looked for it to bend northward and open a passage to India. When, notwithstanding many tantalizing half promises, the lovely river failed to

take this turn, Hudson, making the best of a bad bargain, filled his ship with beaver skins and sailed back to Holland.

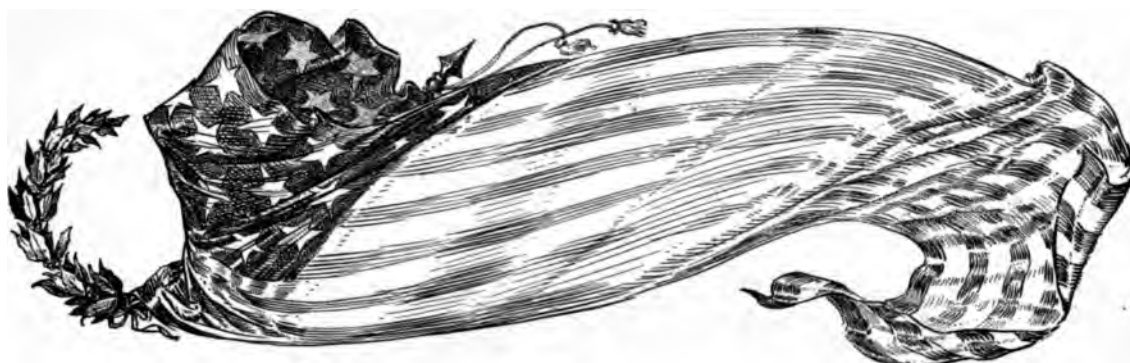
And the beaver skins did all the rest.

It is certainly impossible to unwind from the cord of American history the tightly twisted threads of that Northwest Passage. It was, for instance, when looking for it that the broad and beautiful waters of Chesapeake Bay became known, and emptying into it that lovely and crystal-clear river flowing not through marshes but between banks of solid earth where were beautiful groves of trees, throwing sunshine and shadow on the soft turf beneath.

The king of England made a grant of the fine and fertile country lying north of this river, the Potomac, to a certain man who, being a Roman Catholic, yet allowed people of other religious beliefs to settle in his colony.

Here also the cultivation of tobacco was the chief industry, and so we find here the servitude of white men and the slavery of black men rapidly increasing. The latter not so rapidly as in Virginia. And, as in Virginia, it is only among the rich planters that life seems very well worth the living; yet one great step toward freedom was taken in Maryland, when a law was made that any Christian might worship God as he saw fit. This "toleration act" of the legislature of Maryland, was the first of its kind in the history of the world.

These are but a few of the many consequences of the search for that baffling Northwest Passage.



CHAPTER III.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

Our America really began in that heroic "venture for faith" when a certain brave little ship, whose name is immortal, sailed for the new world one golden day, bearing the Pilgrim Fathers and those principles of liberty which, put into practice, formed the first little commonwealth in our country.

Happily, the little ship carried, too, our Pilgrim Mothers, else might the courage of the Fathers have failed. As it was the Fathers stood firm and their faith in God wavered not, and in the Mothers' hearts was not a quiver of fear when the *Mayflower* sailed home again to England. The little band was left in the wilderness, exiled from their country and alone, but happy in their freedom to worship God in the way they thought was right.

In England since that time oppression by king and bishop had become heavier year by year. One after another the ancient "free customs" had been cut off and all assemblies of the people, even for religious services, were forbidden.

This stifling oppression could not long be borne by men who had been accustomed to breathe free air. They remembered the little Plymouth colony established in America ten years before. *What men had done, men might do*, and presently preparations were begun—but with great secrecy and caution lest they should be stopped by the king—for the establishment of a state over sea where, after the old Anglo-Saxon fashion, every man should be free.

Among the Puritans, oppressed and persecuted because their religious views differed from those of the king and the bishops, were many wealthy, well-educated and influential men. These were the leaders in the new enterprise, and, notwithstanding the fact that the king and the bishops had spies everywhere, they contrived means to communicate with their fellow sufferers.

Now indeed there was much though suppressed excitement throughout England as the news of the great project mysteriously spread from town to town and from village to village.

In the new state—as these persecuted people are informed through the medium of a little printed tract which by devious paths finds its way to them—the Puritan form of worship will be practiced and the company promises to each man who shall contribute to a common fund the ownership of a piece of land.

Thus every man may be a freeholder with a right to vote in the assembly of the people. The tract also named a vessel soon to leave England for the new world—and the time and place of its sailing.

Many fathers and mothers meet now in secret places in earnest discussion, for day by day conditions become worse and the future looks dark for their children. The boys and girls hear this talk, by snatches, and eagerly listen, hoping that decision may be on the side of the exciting experiences of a journey to the new world, about which in these days rumors—partly fact and partly fiction—abound.

The news flies north and west and south, and one day reaches the town of Dorchester, where live many Puritans. A son of one of them, having been sent on an errand, is returning at nightfall to his home. Hearing behind him rapid hoof-beats, he steps to one side, and the horseman, galloping by, drops in his hand a piece of paper, saying only: "For your father—*hide it*," and clatters on down the dusky road. The paper is a copy of the tract sent out by the directors of the company. There is danger in its possession and glad indeed is the boy to reach his home in safety. The interest of the older people in that bit of paper is intense. In spite of the spies, the king's messengers, and the ever-watchful constables, its contents are made known to other Puritans of the town.

And so it comes about that there are Dorchester people on board when the company's vessel sails for America. Among them we see a sturdy boy with a fine, strong face. His name is "Resolve," and he is the boy who caught the paper from the galloping horseman of Dorchester.

After a long and perilous voyage the ship reaches the coast of Massachusetts Bay. The passengers are landed, and presently the vessel sails again for England.

It is a June day. Far away—tor miles upon miles—stretch mighty forests of oak and birch, of pine and cedar, golden green in the sunlight, or dark from the shade of flying cloud. Here and there a break in the woods shows a clear line of upland, and singly, or in scattered groups, majestic elm trees. Purple are the nearer hills, blue and soft the distant mountains.

A gay little river runs musically on to the sea and in the meadows by its banks gleam gold and purple and white of the iris. Tall grasses wave, green and gray and silver, their rippling expanse shot through and through with the deep color of the wild rose. Through all the air, crystal-clear and tingling with delicious life, there are flashes of scarlet and of gold, and the fluting and trilling of bird song, and, wafted by the west wind, sweet and spicy fragrance of wild strawberries and sweet fern and laurel of balsam, pine, and spruce and fir and cedar.

The smiling sea dances and flashes in the morning radiance, and swift sparkles of golden light quiver through the green curves of the breakers as they roll upon the beach.

Above bends a pure blue sky in which float fleecy clouds, sun-touched to dazzling whiteness.

Far out on the blue ocean the departing ship moves toward the east, her sails changing as they turn with the wind from gray to white and from white to silver. On the shore are the new-comers, fathers and mothers and children. The older people with their hearts in their eyes watch the little vessel until—a tiny speck—it disappears.

But the faces of the boys and girls turn westward to the new and fascinating world which is to be their home.

For they know that in the old home the king had said to their fathers, "You must worship God in the way I say, and submit to the laws I make," and that their fathers had answered, "We will worship God as our conscience says, and we, the people, make the laws." The king said then, "Not in England." *They* said, "If not in England, then in the new home across the sea."

And so, for sweet Freedom's sake, these resolute Anglo-Saxons, their fathers and mothers, had wrenched themselves from the old home and sailed away over the wide, wide sea. Its mighty sweep enlarged their minds and the free salt winds made them stronger and stronger, and it is with a mighty faith and courage that these men and women turn from the departing ship and begin the making of America.

And here was the beginning: It is necessary, in starting out to found the free state, to adopt certain principles and to make some laws. In other words, these Anglo-Saxons hold a town meeting. The town hall—which is also their first church—is a magnificent elm tree, under whose curving plumes these freedom seekers gather.

Certain principles are laid down; certain laws are made for the good of all, and by them each man promises to abide; to each man is assigned his piece of land. This is his by purchase, and he is sole owner.

Our Dorchester lad, his parents, and John and Desire, his brother and sister, have for their own a "sightly" portion; that is to say, it commands an entrancing view of earth and sea and sky, whose far-reaching space, exquisite beauty and life-giving air fill the family with delight. "One sup of this New

England air," says the father, "is worth a whole draught of Old England's ale." In its exhilaration they all set to work, and now begins in the wilderness that rhythmic ringing of the pioneer's ax and the sharp *staccato* of his firearms which shall be the marching music of America in the long westward progress of civilization.

The possessions of the family are mainly summed up in the soul-developing beauty of their new home and its energizing air; their piece of uncleared land; an ax, a gun and a spinning wheel. To these should be added their own indomitable wills and their faith in God.

With these, they essay to conquer a home from the wilderness. They learn to do many things Indian fashion.

And first they make a wigwam; this serves for a shelter while ground is cleared and corn planted. For some reason—perhaps because of its gold-colored kernels—the settlers call this Indian corn "guinea wheat." The boys and girls, following Indian instructions, place in each hill corn and beans, with a fish as a fertilizer. Pumpkin seeds are planted between the rows of hills.

Next comes the building and furnishing of the log cabin. The furniture hewn out by the ax is at least strong and substantial. There are in the course of time chairs for the father and mother, three-legged stools and crickets for the children and a cradle for the baby.

In clearing the ground a very large tree had been cut down; the stump—being immovable—remained in the ground. Credit is due to the house-mother for the happy suggestion that the house be built *around the stump*; the living-room is thus

provided without further labor with a "solid" walnut center table. Rough bedsteads are made and a high-backed "settle" is in progress. There is a chimney built of green wood and plastered with mud, and a great fireplace in which next winter will roar glorious fires. Oiled paper is a present substitute for glass and inside the windows are heavy wooden shutters. The doors, too, are heavy and strongly barred, so that in case of necessity each man's house may also be his castle. In peaceful times "the latchstring hangs out."

While the building progresses the boys and girls are rejoicing in their flourishing crops, and in increasing knowledge of the food supplies of the new country.

They find, for instance, that clams may be had for the digging and that clambakes are pleasant occasions. Lobsters of enormous size abound. These unpleasant looking creatures at first seemed to the children to have been made chiefly to be run away from, but, when their Indian friends made known to them the inner deliciousness of the tight-gripping claws, they rapidly changed their minds and ever after even the small boys of the settlement run all risks for the sake of coming enjoyment.

The value of the oyster was discovered when they one day came upon the embers of a fire kindled by the Indians. In the hot ashes they found oysters opening their mouths and inviting an investigation.

As the family say: "The abundance of fish is almost beyond believing," and as the boys become skilful fishermen they catch many kinds. Of them all they like best the bass, which crowd into the nets in such numbers that it is impossible to land them

all. "This," the father says of the bass, "is as sweet and wholesome a fish as ever I did eat." "Yes," agrees the mother, with a quick thought back to the old home, "it is altogether as good as *our* fresh herring."

One day Desire sees afar off in the sky what seems to be a long and narrow black cloud. It comes nearer and proves to be a flock of wild pigeons. She calls to her brothers to look, and then excitedly tells her father that the stream of birds must be at least four or five miles long. "Indeed, Sir," she says earnestly, "I think it has no end."

The father thereupon stops his housebuilding and hurries out with his gun, but there is no need for haste; he may load and shoot at his leisure, for the flock of pigeons is five hours in passing over. They darken the air as they fly, and when they alight they cover all the branches of all the trees—so the boys report. Excitement may add something to their story, but at all events it is true that the family enjoy pigeon pie to their full contentment for some days to come.

They are not confined to a pigeon diet. Seafoal and wild turkeys are also numerous. There is a piece of swamp land not far from our settler's home. John and Resolve, passing by early one morning, count sixty broods of young turkeys sunning themselves on its borders.

Besides all this, there are in the forests deer and elk and bear and many smaller animals.

There are many edible roots in the ground; the brooks furnish watercress; leeks and onions are found in the meadows. Resolve, sending a letter to a cousin in England, tells him all about these things and adds, "We have barberries, mulberries,

plums, raspberries, strawberries, currants, chestnuts and walnuts, all of which grow in plenty here." He closes his letter praising the New England air, "Which," he says, "is one special thing that commends this place. Many who were weakly and sickly in Old England by coming hither have been safely healed and have grown healthful and strong." He entrusts his letter to the captain of the ship, who promises to see it delivered. Needless to say, when the ship comes back again Resolve's cousin and his family are on board!

During all this time the far-flying "tracts" of the Massachusetts Bay Company continued to circulate information concerning the new state over seas, with the result that many ships sail from England, carrying earnest men and women who, for their children's sake, embrace with resolute hearts this opportunity to start life anew in the free air of America.

So before long the homestead of our Dorchester friends is the center of a little community and life in "New Dorchester" becomes very interesting to Resolve and John, indeed to all the boys and girls. There is always something new happening, and always plenty of hard work that counts for much. As we think of them, these busy, tireless homemakers, we can almost see the face of the country changing and losing its wild expression. Smiling fields of blue flax and red and white clover; sunny stretches of Indian corn—the young blades glinting golden sparkles as the summer breezes touch them—take the place of marsh and forest. Over the hillsides we see scattered flocks of sheep and goats, and in the rich meadows, under the shade of the trees, cows are ruminatingly chewing the cud. All this means that wild sounds, as well as

sights, are diminishing, for in the first years there was nightly howling of wolves; and almost as rapidly as cattle and pigs could be received from England and Bermuda the wolves devoured them. This was most discouraging; yet in the end the settlers conquered, and cattle and horses, pigs and goats now flourish amazingly on the succulent meadow grasses.

The river still flows musically by, but now and then it checks its rapid run to the sea to turn a mill wheel, and we hear but seldom the heavy pounding of log pestels in log mortars, which in the early days, when Indians were the teachers and helpers of the white man, ground the corn kernels into samp and hominy.

June days have now come and gone five times since the children learned the mysteries of corn planting. A framed house has replaced their nailless log cabin, and you would never believe how much energy was expended in obtaining nails for the new house, for they are scarce and costly—in money, if brought over sea—in time and patience, if made by hand! So we need not wonder that many settlers when moving “out West” (ten or twelve miles perhaps from Boston) to fresh fields and pastures new, burned their houses behind them for the sake of the hand-made nails and bits of iron to be found in the ashes!

For indeed the New England colonist made not nails only. When one must either devise and make the *necessaries* of life or go without them, there is only one course to take, consequently the inventive faculties of the New Englander were so stimulated and sharpened in the early struggles with the wilderness that their keen edge has never since worn off.

Our special friends in the colony have always been thrifty and industrious and the boys have been inventive to such a degree that they are equal now to almost any demand. They *could* make the nails by hand, were iron obtainable, but the slow process of hammering them out one by one is irritating to their strength. Instead, the young men and maidens of this family and others among the settlers bend all their energies to the accumulation of sufficient money to warrant an order for nails going out by the first vessel sailing for England.

The young men hunt far into the forests but, unfortunately for their purpose, their very success in taming the wild country had driven from them the fur-bearing animals, and now it is only by making long canoe trips up the rivers that hunting can prove very profitable. Still, they enjoy the canoeing and the excitement of their adventures in the new country until they reach the hunting grounds of unfriendly Indians. Here the dangers and perils are too great to be pleasant.

The wilder country contains another source of wealth in the sassafras which abounds, and in the year 1635, or thereabouts, sassafras root was considered a panacea for most of the ills that flesh is heir to, and many bundles of it were exported from the American colonies. Some of these bundles were gathered in the interest of nails for the new house. Desire and her sisters gathered, too, wild hemp and flax; they spun and wove—in short every member of the family worked early and late and saved most frugally, and finally had the proud pleasure of giving their orders and, several months later, of seeing a ship come into the harbor bearing *their* nails and panes of glass.

And now they are a happy family, owning their land and

house and barn; a horse and cow, sheep and goats and pigs. In the barnyard are chickens and ducks and geese and *domesticated* turkeys. Perhaps their greatest pride is their kitchen garden—filled with native and English vegetables—and their young, flourishing orchard.

The town does not now hold its meetings under an elm tree. It boasts instead a meeting house and a town hall. Near by is the public pasture or common. A blockhouse lets us into a secret which on this lovely, peaceful day we should not otherwise suspect—that the smiling country holds in ambush an angry foe who, on a coming dark night, shall take a terrible revenge for his lost home and hunting grounds.

But that night is not yet. To-day as we look we see people who are, to be sure, very quiet and grave—they are Puritans—even the children are outwardly quiet and solemn, but inside children will be children and even Puritan upbringing cannot stifle or slacken the pace of happy heartbeats.

This is the greatest day the town has known since its first meeting of freemen under the elm tree, for to-day has been received by the selectmen an important paper from the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The paper is tacked on the meeting house door and thus becomes an authorized order. It is not much to look at, but it somehow sends a thrill all through us. For one thing it is *printed*, and certainly we do owe a debt of appreciation to our forefathers, that almost before they had built a house or raised a crop in the new world which was to be their home, they brought to it, and set up—in the forest, as it were—the instrument which had itself helped to discover their new home and to awaken

in their hearts that unquenchable love of liberty which was then and is now the hope and strength of our America.

But the thrill is not simply because the paper was printed on the first press in North America, although this would seem quite enough. As we have seen, it contained an announcement from the General Court or legislature that a school is to be opened which *all* children of the town are to attend; each family is to contribute to its support and notice is given that parents neglecting to send their children will be heavily fined.

There is interest and chatter enough among the children and particularly in the family of our special friends, for Resolve is to be the master in the new school. But the interest they feel does not begin to equal ours, for it is the schools proclaimed that day—the first public schools in the world—that made possible our fair America!

As we watch the children gather for the first day of school we cannot help feeling some excitement and elation of spirit, and the very deepest gratitude and veneration for the Puritans—stern and too solemn as they were—who thus planted in America its greatest institution.

When the children come home from school that day they hear among their elders earnest discussions of some grave subject. The boys and girls may be seen and not heard. So they do not join in the talk; but there is no law against respectful listening; and thus they learn more than we wise people know, of a plan for establishing a college in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Such a plan has never been heard of. It is that the colonists themselves shall contribute the funds for the new

college—when, as we have seen, they have scarcely enough money to buy nails for their own houses!

Nevertheless this *is* the plan, and these noble men—and women—carry it out, and we are immensely proud of them for doing it, though we *do* think they were very stern and unnecessarily strict and narrow-minded about some things!

The little college is started and soon after one of its best friends dies. When his will is read it is found that he has bequeathed his library and his money to the college, which, as a memorial to him, is given his name; and thus there stands within six years of the founding of this free state in the wilderness—Harvard College.

In all this time there has been strict religious observance by the colonists. It has been made a law that only church members may hold office and that the only church shall be the church of the Puritans. In one sense these laws seem fair enough, for the colony had been founded by Puritans who gave up home and friends and native land just so that they might have liberty to worship God according to the way they thought was right.

Perhaps it was natural that they should desire for members of the new state only those who would aid them in keeping up their church, for which they had sacrificed so much. These ruling spirits in the colony were noble men, honest and true, and for the times in which they lived well educated, but they had not the slightest conception of a real religious liberty, and they did not realize that the mind of man—and especially the mind of Anglo-Saxon man, which for a thousand years and more had been working its way to liberty of thought—*cannot*

be bound, and so they continued to enforce strict rules as to church going and even the daily conduct of the colonists, and cruelly punished any deviators therefrom.

Stock and pillories and the whipping-post were at this time penalties—and many even small offences were punished by death. Looking back through the years we may see men and women going about the town with a large letter, the first in the name of the crime committed, fastened to the clothing or branded in their flesh. We see indeed many things—inhuman things—from which we in our gentler age recoil. Not only New England—all the world was inhuman and intolerant in the years of the beginning of America.

But always in every age there are those whose spirits soar far above the general mass of mankind, and the colony of Massachusetts Bay had some men and women of this larger heart and wider vision. One of them was a young minister, the pastor of the church at Salem. Two or three years after the arrival of the colonists it was ordered that no man should be admitted to the freedom of the colony unless he were a member of the church.

To this ruling Roger Williams, the young minister of Salem, now refuses to agree. He insists upon the separation of the church from the state, upon the toleration of all religious beliefs and on the repeal of the laws requiring attendance on religious worship.

His action makes a great stir in all the towns of the Commonwealth, for these opinions are at this time most dangerous to hold. A man may be sent to jail for declaring them, or be put in the pillory, or have his ears cut off, or be

burned at the stake. Nevertheless Roger Williams does not shrink from expressing them and makes his case even worse by writing a pamphlet stating that the colonists have no right to the lands they hold because the soil belonged to the Indians, and only by purchase from them can the settlers obtain a valid title. He calls the king of England a "mere intruder," having no right to give away the land.

In punishment for all this Williams is ordered to go back to England. The day the papers are served upon him snow lies deep upon the ground, but, making his escape by his back door as the messengers approach the front, he flees into the woods and in the bitter cold, makes his way through the snow to the wigwam of the Indian chief Massasoit. Here on Narragansett Bay, this grand pioneer of free thought and religious liberty founds the colony of Providence, where all men may be really free.

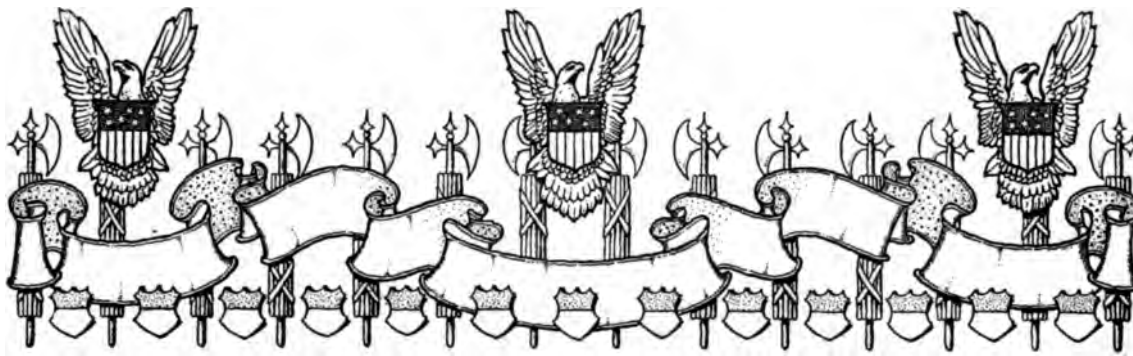
A little while before this some Indians from the "far west" had come to Boston to ask the help of the colonists in fighting their fierce enemies—the Pequot Indians. They promised to give in return for this assistance rich meadow land in the fertile valley of the Quohnehticut River. Some of these Indians wandered into the town of New Dorchester and stopped at the house of our friends there.

It so happened that the young men agreed with Roger Williams in his dangerous opinions, and after this they often spoke of the far-away valley, and gradually they formed a plan to leave their hard-won and prosperous farm; and, for Freedom's sake, to go forth once more into the wilderness. Other New Dorchester men joined the two brothers and over

the hills they went, cutting their way through forests and thickets; struggling through swamps; many times losing their way, but reaching at last the silver river and the lovely Connecticut meadow country.

Happily they blazed the trees as they went, and the next party of emigrants to the new country had the benefit—for there was soon another party. The Rev. Thomas Hooker, pastor of the Church at Newtown, thirsting for the liberty he had come over seas to find and considering the restrictions of the Bay Colony most unjust, set out with his family and his congregation for the Connecticut country. His invalid wife was carried in a horse litter, but all the rest of the company walked, driving their cattle before them and living chiefly on milk. There were many swamps to flounder through, and many rivers to cross. The poor invalid lady suffered much in these dangerous river crossings but was always courageous. So they traveled on, helping, with other companions who followed them, to make the old Bay Path, and the present road from Boston to Springfield, and later, in the midst of hostile Indians and all imaginable hardships and perils, they founded three towns, which were soon united under the freest government the world had yet known—the “Fundamental Orders of Connecticut.”

Here in Connecticut a man was free, here his children would be educated and here, in that first written Constitution, was enshrined the sparkling jewel of Liberty.



CHAPTER IV.

THE WOODS OF PENN

In a certain old manor house of England there was one day a warm contention between father and son. The father—member of the Church of England, high in social standing, admiral in the navy, and wealthy—was furiously angry because his son had joined a set of people, mostly poor people too, who acknowledged no authority in religion but the “inner light” of their own conscience, who thought all men of equal worth and dignity, who wore a plain dress and lived plainly, and who loved one another and acted accordingly. For all this they were despised and bitterly persecuted—hunted, beaten and imprisoned. These people called themselves simply “The Society of Friends,” but Admiral Penn in angry scorn spoke of them as “Quakers,” and commanded his son to cut off all connection with them.

The young man—who was scarcely more than a boy—did not yield an inch and the stormy time ended in his being ordered away from his father’s house and from England.

Years went by and the father's love at length overpowered his anger and he sent for his son to come home. Soon after, he died, leaving his son a wealthy man.

William Penn learns now that his father had at various times lent large sums of money to the king. These sums, he finds, amount to about sixteen thousand pounds, and he well knows that King Charles, heavily involved and always extravagant, is not likely ever to cancel this debt in money payments, so he goes to him one day with a novel proposition.

It so happens that the young man has become part owner of, and greatly interested in, *New Jersey*, a Quaker colony in the new world. Its western boundary is the Delaware River. Along the opposite shore of this river stretches a beautiful wooded country.

Penn reminds the king of this unsettled country and suggests the transfer of it to him in cancellation of his debt of sixteen thousand pounds.

King Charles, remembering the claim of old Captain Cabot, considers that the land is his to give, and—delighted to get so easily rid of his obligation—quickly signs a paper transferring to his creditor the country extending along the west bank of the Delaware River, and westward from it for five degrees. In other words, the king makes William Penn sole owner of forty thousand square miles of the new world!

The new proprietor announces as his chosen name for this domain "Sylvania;" but the king insists that in honor of Admiral Penn the name shall be *Pennsylvania*—the Woods of Penn.

And so the name remains to this day.

The jubilant young Friend signs—for himself and his heirs—a receipt in full for all demands, and in his thought sees almost realized his dream of release for not “Quakers” only, but all persecuted and downtrodden people, in a Christian State—where men, women and children may live a happy life of freedom bound by nothing but their “inner light,” and the Golden Rule.

So he goes home to write glowing descriptions of the new home over the sea where will be freedom of body, mind and spirit for all of whatsoever name, who are willing to work for it—for in a new country only willing workers can succeed.

Then these letters are multiplied by liberty’s magic wand, the printing press. In England and Wales, in Scotland, Ireland and Germany they are scattered far and wide; falling in soft showers like leaves from some tree of healing.

Ah, the lifting of bowed shoulders, the lighting of dull eyes, the quickened steps of hope, as thousands and thousands of oppressed people catch from these letters the inspiring thought of freedom!

At once there is hurried, happy setting out for the fair land of opportunity. If we could but see all the little children whom this magic wand touched from pain and fright and terror to quietness and safety and gladness of heart!

Tiny, demure, drab-clad Rachels and Hannahs and Samuels—copies in miniature of their English fathers and mothers; quaint little children of Wales, whose names—all w’s and y’s—are simply unpronounceable; sturdy Wilhelms and white-capped little Gretchens, not yet free from fright, nor will they be until the long journey down the Rhine is over,

for in Germany are “religious” wars, and brutal soldiers of whose cruel actions we in these days may not even think.

Just a little while ago these soldiers had passed through the upper Rhine country, taking from the little homesteads all they could, and burning what was left—those dearly loved homes, won by many years of hard labor and frugal saving.

So there are very sad and tearful emigrants going down the Rhine—their only possessions a chest of clothes, in the depths of which is hidden a Bible and perhaps a hymn book.

But, courage! their sufferings will soon be over now. In America they will make a new home. In America they may read the Bible and their rich voices may fearlessly roll forth the grand German hymns, for Friend William will suffer no brutal fighting in the Christian Woods of Penn! So they dry their tears and ‘blithely sail for the Quackenthal—or, as we should say, the Quaker Valley—of promise.

Many ships go out now to America from various ports. They are crowded to the last inch—it is indeed impossible to obtain at once enough vessels for all who are ready to go.

As we watch the gathering thousands we are sorrowful in thinking of the heavy burdens borne from man’s oppression, but it will be glorious to see these burdens lifted off in Penn’s Christian Commonwealth, where the saddened little children shall be given back their birthright of happiness, and a chance in life for a free and noble manhood and womanhood.

The first arrivals in the new country found to their surprise helpful neighbors in some little hamlets of Swedes, for once upon a time the king of Sweden had laid plans for a “New Sweden” in sunny and fertile America, where his poor

people might find *their* opportunity. These plans were rudely nipped in the bud when the Dutch, who claimed the country by right of Hudson's discoveries, and who wished to preserve it for the fur trade, captured the little settlements. They did not destroy them, however, and lo! here is one of them near the very site chosen by Penn for his "fair city of peace." But three Swedes who own the adjoining land are glad to sell it for a good price, and the little village of Wacaco is allowed to remain, and its thrifty and kindly occupants give much help to the new-comers, especially in furnishing food and in helping to fell the trees and build houses; but, by order of the proprietor, no land is taken or house built until the Indian owners have been paid at their own price.

The Swede needs only his ax and some wedges of wood to aid in splitting the logs into planks. The trees fall quickly under swift, strong strokes, and houses are rapidly built—eighty within the first year. In the meantime many families live for a time in caves cut into—or out of—the river bank.

Ship after ship comes up the river, bringing not immigrants only but cattle and pigs and sheep and all sorts and kinds of merchandise. All these cargoes are driven out, or piled up on the river bank, which soon becomes a lively and bustling place indeed. We wonder how in all the confusion and *polyglot* sounds each man can find his own, but the Quaker quietness of spirit greatly helps and soon brings order out of chaos.

Presently William Penn himself came over the sea in the ship *Welcome*. He was young and handsome, resolute, energetic, strong and just and kind.

Soon after his arrival he drew up his "Frame of Government." Its main principles were civil and religious liberty.

His charter made him the absolute proprietor of the country, but in his "Frame of Government" he voluntarily limited his own powers. "I propose," he said, "to leave myself and my successors no power of doing mischief, so that the will of one man may not hinder the good of the whole country."

He provided for an executive committee to make the laws and an assembly to assent to or amend them, both bodies to be chosen by vote (for in this commonwealth all who owned land or paid taxes might vote), because, as he said, "Any government is free to the people under it where the laws rule and the people are a party to those laws."

For although his government was by love and not fear, there were to be laws and penalties where the laws were not obeyed. "Liberty," he said, "without obedience is confusion; and obedience without liberty is slavery."

In his very first paper the Indians were given the protection of the law, and cases involving Indians were to be decided by a jury consisting of six white men and six Indians.

So Penn applied the Golden Rule.

And now goes on apace the building of the "Fair City" of his dreams, whose name of Philadelphia, meaning Brotherly Love, carries in it the whole spirit of his scheme.

It is interesting to see vistas opening through the trees of the forest. In the morning the Delaware River flashes and dimples and sparkles as the sun rises over it; and in the evening we turn to see in long perspective the sunset glow on the Schuylkill, for the new streets are to run east and west from

river to river, and others, running north and south, are to cross them at right angles,—nine of the first, twenty-three of the second. We can imagine the magnificent trees which came crashing down under the ax, for the names of these sun-rising sun-setting streets are their memorial.

One great tree, a splendid elm, is historic. Under its shade Penn met one day, by appointment, the Indian owner of "his" domain.

This gathering of sachems is a picture in itself—but it is not the sight which thrills us. It is rather the words that we listen—for here they talk together, the white man and the red, as men and brothers. Here they enter into a compact of friendship which was never broken on either side so long as the "white truth-teller" lived.

So was anticipated in practical application the declaration of later days that men are created equal, with inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!

And so did it come to pass that never in Quaker days was needed blockhouse or palisade throughout the Woods of Pennsylvania.

In quiet confidence the peaceful people went forth to clear the land and to make their homes.

White-capped little Gretchen with her father and mother follows an Indian trail leading northward through beautiful forests and by the sparkling waters of the Wissahickon. About six miles from the city site they stop and there abide, and so many of their people join them that the place is soon called Germantown. When they are ready to raise their first frame house William Penn himself comes to rejoice with them. That is a proud and happy day which Gretchen never will forget.

Would you know where the tongue-tied little Welsh children found their homes? But do you not know the lovely uplands of Bryn Mawr and Randor and Berwyn? It was here that the Welsh children grew up drinking in with every breath of the delicious air the love of liberty; so it was quite natural that *their* children, or grandchildren—a surprising number of them—should one day sign a certain document which assured to *us* our freedom.

German people, too, went westward from Philadelphia, settling in the lovely Lancaster valleys and hills; Christian people, kindly and thrifty; their fields and houses and barns were goodly to see, especially their barns; for they were kind to their animals, and cared for them and fed them so well that German horses and cows soon came to be well known in all the country round.

The English Friends who went out of the city chose the beautiful country to the northwest.

In all these homes reigned the very spirit of gentleness, and even the little children were taught to regard the rights of all and to love every living thing.

In addition to these settlements there was one in the Wyoming Valley composed of persecuted Quakers from *New* England. (Later, there came also to many localities great numbers of Scotch-Irish—but *this* is a different story!)

And the Commonwealth grew and flourished and became the most populous, the most prosperous, the freest and the happiest place in the new world—in all the earth indeed, for in it the people lived by the golden rule of brotherly love. And brightness and peace and plenty smiled on the Woods of Penn.

The years went by and the fair Quaker City grew fairer and fairer. In its spacious "squares" played happy children—the "healthiest and the most beautiful children in all the world"—and on the immaculate streets walked dignified men, and lovely women whose bright and gentle faces were the sweeter for the shading of the Quaker bonnet!

Here were schools, and beautiful Gothic churches, and the plain meeting-houses of the Friends; here was the Bible printed, the first in America, here were the first hospitals and the first medical college, the first "higher education" for women, and the first endowed college for the poor.

Here were the lovely "alms-houses" of the Friends.

Here was skilled labor and fair prices paid for it.

It was here that the first organized protest against slavery was made; here were slaves first set free, and here at length, in Penn's fair City of Brotherly Love, rang out that triumphant bell to whose grand and jubilant tones our very hearts stand still to listen, as each stroke reverberates to the thrilling air:

"Proclaim *Liberty* throughout the Land, and to *all* the inhabitants thereof."

And it was a "fighting Quaker" of Penn's city of peace who made our first national flag.

The day came at length, when the Atlantic coast, from Maine to the northern boundary of Florida, showed cities and towns, farms, or plantations, all of them under English rule. The western edge of settlement was not very far from the ocean and may be quite accurately traced by drawing a line from head water to head water of the rivers emptying into the Atlantic.

New England rejoiced in many such streams which running swiftly down from the hill country furnished power to turn innumerable mill-wheels; this being so, the country was soon dotted with flourishing towns and villages.

A New England town usually contained first, a meeting-house and a "common" shaded with elm trees—Nature's cathedral, whose springing arches, exquisite tracery, and roof of blue, fed the sense of beauty which might otherwise have starved quite to death in man's bare and graceless hall of worship.

Next in importance were the town-house and school; after these, dwellings and places of business as they were needed.

There was no upper class in New England society, unless it were an aristocracy of learning, of which the minister, the doctor and the school teacher were the most notable exponents; but all members of the community worked and realized the dignity of labor. To be shiftless in New England or devoid of "faculty," was to be pitied or scorned, as the temperament of the judge might dictate.

Slavery, not unknown, did not largely increase mainly because it was not suited to conditions. New England's farms, requiring careful rotating of crops, her mills and her ship yards demanded skilled labor.

It were indeed pleasant to think that slavery was restricted in these early days in New England from love of humanity, but the same love of humanity would then have prevented the richly-paying manufacture of rum, and this rum wrought worse havoc than slavery among the black men of Africa and also the red men of America.

Liberty for self, not freedom for others, was still the spirit of New England.

But wait a little, and take heart of hope; the larger spirit must in time prevail; for New England has now—about the year 1750—churches, newspapers and a free press, and schools where *every boy and girl is learning to read*. There will be advance of opinion by and by.

The New Netherlands long ago became New York. The Dutch soldiers marching out of the little fort at New Amsterdam, English soldiers marched in, taking possession in the name of King Charles and the Duke of York.

The city is a busy place and destined to become more busy in years to come. We notice at this time, to our shame and our pride, two remarkable features—first, amazing numbers of dark-skinned slaves in the houses, and secondly, *free* public schools—the first in America.

New Jersey, whose many Dutch names recall the fur-traders and Indians of earlier day, was founded as a refuge for persecuted Old Englanders and New Englanders as well. It was advertised as a healthy, pleasant and plentiful country. Its Quaker proprietor based his government upon two laws: 1. The defense of the royal law of God. 2. The good, peace and welfare of every individual person. Under this government the colony grew and prospered.

Pennsylvania is advancing westward, to the mountains. Philadelphia has become the largest and most important city in all the colonies and is by far the pleasantest to live in!

Even here in these Quaker households are slaves, yet so kindly cared for and taught that their chains are hardly felt;

and we take courage when we realize that all the slaves now held by the Quakers of Penn's city will have been set free when the present bright-eyed *pickininnies* come of age.

Long ago a line was drawn (by "Mason and Dixon") to show the boundary between Penn's estate and that of Lord Baltimore.

Crossing the line we soon see that we are in "the South"—the land of widely scattered manor houses and immense plantations. There are few towns or villages and few roads, but on the plantations are many, many cabins.

The Virginia Legislature has made many efforts to stop the bringing of negroes into the country, urging first of all the plea that it is unchristian to traffic in human beings, and noting as a result of that traffic that labor was losing all dignity, being thought fit only for slaves.

These slave-holders lament also that as increasing numbers make control more difficult, even kind-hearted masters are forced to resort to severe measures, must become as they say, "either fools or furies."

All their efforts are, however, unavailing, for England is resolved to continue this profitable trade in men.

North Carolina offers religious freedom to all colonists, and to it come in great numbers Jews banished from other countries, Huguenots exiled from France, Scotch and Scotch-Irish, now in their turn persecuted for their faith. These people take up small farms, make good settlers, and become strong patriots. In proof of which North Carolinians continue to celebrate the anniversary of "Mecklenburg Day."

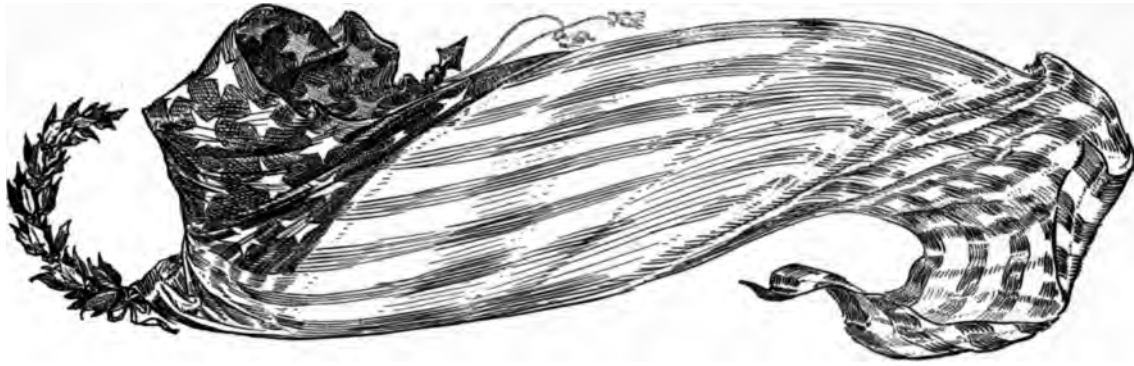
South Carolina, like Virginia, has large plantations. Many slaves work in the stifling, steaming rice swamps and in cotton fields.

Finally there is the colony of Georgia, founded by Sir James Oglethorpe, from compassion for poor debtors filling the prisons—and such prisons!—of England.

General Oglethorpe permits no slaves and no rum in his colony.

Looking out upon “the South” in the year 1750 we see few churches or printing presses or newspapers, and still, as in the early days, there are no schools for the poor. In all the South there is but one college—the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, and this is intended for the sons of the planters.

So stands the cross with the English banner to guard the coast of Cabot. How fares it now with the western country and the lilies of France?



CHAPTER V.

RIVER TRAILS AND THE WILDERNESS ROAD

In the first faint dawn of a summer morning a cautious line of smoke was rising above the trees in the country of the Upper Yadkin River, in western North Carolina.

The fire, quickly kindled, was, in fear of Indians, quickly put out—just as the day was breaking. The air was musical with sweet, sleepy bird notes and the tinkling and splashing of as yet invisible brooks and waterfalls. The grassy slopes, showing first a dark green, became quickly bright and yet brighter, while here and there in the forests—seeming a moment before merely a massing of foliage—tall trees suddenly stood forth in a keen and beautiful individuality; but the topmost boughs of all alike, touched to motion by the passing Spirit of the Morning, bent and swayed and tossed in a sea of golden-green light. Above in the violet sky transparent cloudlets glowed with gold and rose.

In the brighter light the tuneful waters appeared—turning by a magic alchemy from lead to silver and from silver to dazzling gold.

From the trees a thousand bird-throats poured forth jubilant songs which, falling in a shower of silvery notes, seemed to fill with sparkles the freshness of the fragrant air.

So broke the day over a hunter's camp in the lovely Yadkin country—a land of forests, of fertile upland prairies and thick canebrake—of buffalo and deer and elk and bear—a hunter's paradise, truly!

And so thought the hunter, whose camp-fire was lately burning. Yet, having barely entered it, he was about to leave this paradise and to retrace his steps to his home in Pennsylvania—five hundred miles away. A really remarkable action, which we may understand later.

The sunlight of this same morning filtering through the leaves of far off forests falls upon other lonely camps, for English trappers and traders, ever pursuing the ever receding wild animals, have made their way up the beautiful valleys of Virginia, and beyond them—to the Monongahela and the Great Kanawha; up the Juniata and across the mountains to the Allegheny River; they have floated down the Ohio, and have even ascended the Muskingum and the Scioto. In their camps are raised platforms of saplings, holding the object of their trips, and its realization—namely, a pile of skins.

Most lucky if this pile be of beaver; but lucky in any case, for all skins sell well at the far-away "Coast."

A few hunters and traders—and a few piles of skins—in the boundless western woods! What can it matter?

But it does matter—immensely—as we shall see, for it is not simply because they have penetrated so far into the

unknown wilderness that we pay a tribute of recognition to these daring pioneers of the canoe-path and the Indian trail.

It is rather because these men build forts to protect their remote trading posts, and because, returning from their trips, they tell marvelous tales of new and fertile countries—thereby influencing their relatives and friends to rise up—almost to a man—and journey to the reported and tempting lands of plenty.

And we remember that beside these western waters were planted long ago *the lilies of France!* Moreover, it is decreed that where flourish the lilies, must be hunting grounds, not homes.

So from the lonely camp-fires in the western woods came many things—vastly important to our country.

One of the first happenings was at least picturesque.

The French policy had been always (save in Champlain's irreparable blunder of harsh treatment to the Iroquois) to make allies of the Indians.

Accordingly, when English traders essayed to build a fort in the French domain, a friendly Indian runner speedily made known the fact to the authorities at Quebec, and the intruders were then promptly ordered off. Such orders were sometimes obeyed—sometimes not.

But, whether obeyed or not, the French saw the necessity for reiteration of their claim to the Ohio—"La Belle Riviere" they called it—won for them, as they maintained, by the indomitable La Salle.

The great river was their pride and delight, and its possession the one hope of their fur-trade.

Plainly the old claim was not sufficient—and a new one was accordingly made. An embassy of great dignity was dispatched in canoes down the Allegheny and into the Ohio.

Celoron, the leader, had with him six plates of lead whereon were engraven—what but—*the lilies of France?* With much solemnity and impressiveness, these plates were buried at the mouths of important tributaries to the Ohio, while Celoron shouted in a *very* loud voice “Long live the King.” Claim was thus laid to all the country drained by the great river. More practical was the building of forts at Presqueisle (now Erie), Duquesne (Pittsburgh), and at several points between them. These finished, the French chain of military outposts guarding the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, was complete.

But, in the meantime, the English hunters were returning from their western trips, and telling their tempting tales. Among them was James Haworth, whose camp we saw on the Yadkin. We find him on a farm in Pennsylvania—in that lovely part of the colony now known as Bucks County. He has been away two years and naturally, he and his stories are much sought after. The big kitchen of the farmhouse barely holds the relatives and neighbors (the neighbors, however, are nearly all relatives) whose names are in many instances as familiar to us now as to him then.

James Haworth is a Quaker—son of a certain George Haworth who “came over with William Penn” upon his second visit to Pennsylvania in 1699. Soon after his arrival, friend George betook himself to the rich and beautiful country north of Philadelphia, where many Quakers—co-

voyagers with Penn on his first visit—had settled and prospered. Here he bought a tract of land and went energetically to work in “clearing” it and building a log cabin.

Being a good Quaker, friend George went on first-day to the Friends’ meeting, and saw there a brown-eyed young Quakeress—by name Mary Scarboro.

It was probably through some mistake that nature had bestowed upon the demure little maiden glints of gold in her hair—which the meek white cap could not quite conceal—sparkles of mischief in her brown eyes, and merry dimples in her cheeks.

Be that as it may, the glints and sparkles and dimples laid low, at their very first attack, the heart of the sober young Quaker, and very soon little friend Mary, being eloquently persuaded thereto by friend George, exchanged her name for Haworth and her abode for the just finished log house in the new clearing.

But all this occurred years ago, and where the forest was then, are fields of corn and wheat and clover; orchards and pastures, and a merry and exceedingly busy little mill, to which comes all the grist of the neighborhood.

Where stood the log cabin, is the pleasant and substantial farm house, in which the returned hunter, having greeted his friends, is now beginning his story.

He spent the first year, he says, among the headwaters of various southern tributaries to the Ohio, making his winter camp on the bank of the far-distant Great Kanawha. In the Spring he turned eastward again, crossed the mountains at one of the river-gaps, and, traveling up the river valleys

of Virginia, at length reached North Carolina and the forks of the Yadkin.

This bare outline was in his telling, graphically filled in and brilliantly colored. There were vivid descriptions of the Yadkin—of the beautiful fertile country, and of the abundance of fish, and fowl and game—three or four men, he said, could kill “from ten to twenty” buffalo in a single day!

He had had thrilling adventures with “bars” and “painters,” and many hair-breadth escapes from tomahawk, “sculping”-knife—or worse; for he had many times encountered Indians.

To his boy listeners, these tales were as sparks to tinder, and to the fires of imagination kindled by them was due the life work of many a future and now well-known pioneer.

The hunter’s reports of new and fertile lands to be had almost for the asking were of intense interest to all who heard them, for the farms bought from the Indians, and considered at that time ample for all needs, are not large enough to satisfy the numerous young Haworths, Scarbros, Boones and Lincolns, the Goods and Williamsons—not to name other families—the children and grandchildren of the original settlers.

Until lately Pennsylvanians, finding themselves thus “crowded,” had emigrated to the westward—even beyond the mountains, but unhappily the commonwealth was not now the peaceful and care-free place it once was, for recently in England a violent turn of the wheels of political fortune had brought religious persecution upon the Scotch-Irish who, when in power, had themselves been the persecutors of others. As has been said, many thousands left Scotland and Ireland to find

refuge in the colonies where was promised religious liberty—notably in North Carolina, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

These immigrants had their good points and proved themselves later to be fine pioneers, courageous, resolute and energetic; doubtless the new country opening up at this time had need for all their strong qualities—could indeed ill spare any of them; but not even the fierce fires of their own persecution had taught them to be just or merciful, and terrible was the havoc wrought by the fighting Scotch-Irish in Penn's commonwealth of the Golden Rule.

They did not agree with the founder's conception of fair treatment for the original occupants of the land, and presently there were consternation and dismay in the homes of the settlers, for, for the first time in the history of the colony, the Indians were digging up the tomahawk and sending out the war-belt, far and wide.

Terror reigned now in the land, and especially on its western frontier; crops were destroyed, whole families were murdered, and homesteads burned.

Terrified children learned the blood-freezing sound of the war-whoop, and many of them were carried captive by Indians—once kindly friends, turned now by injustice and inhumanity to deadly foes.

The tribesmen living on the farther side of the mountains were implacable and powerful, and, generally, were allies of the French.

Western advance was therefore at this time impossible, and Friend Haworth's stories of those rich and fertile lands easily reached through the river valleys of the south, and

especially his descriptions of the broad meadows and abundant food supplies to be found in the country of the Yadkin, made a great stir in all the community, and many households were soon preparing to leave their homes and to set out on the long journey to North Carolina. The Boones—almost all of them—were going, the Lincolns too, and several of the Haworths, the Finleys and the Morgans.

The cattle and horses and the long train of canvas-covered wagons were in readiness in a marvelously short time, and the caravan is now about to start.

The accounts say, usually, that “John Finley,” or “George Haworth,” or “Squire Boone,” or “Abraham Lincoln” decided to go to the new lands. We wonder, wistfully, what Mrs. John Finley or Mrs. George Haworth, or Mrs. Squire Boone thought about it! Surely *they*, so near Philadelphia, need not fear Indians!

And it must have been hard to leave the pleasant homes, the well-kept farms, the attractive dairies cooled by running water, sparkling in its clearness, the peaceful meeting houses, the schools for their children—to leave all this for the long, long and perilous journey, and the hard, wild life of the wilderness, when at length they shall have reached that journey’s end!

We think of these women as taking many a longing, lingering look at all the dear and familiar sights, as the sun goes down the day before they are to leave them. But possibly we waste our sympathy—these Bucks county people are mostly Anglo-Saxons—and Anglo-Saxons will do almost anything to get *more* land!

As for the children—at this point at least all is pleasure and excitement, and for the bigger boys this is the great time of their lives. *They* look not behind, but forward—to the glowing days of adventure sure to come.

But pleasurable or painful, the next day dawns and with the dawn the long procession moves.

They go, not through “trackless” forests, but by paths marked out for them long ages ago when rivers first cut their way through to the sea, and thirsty animals unerringly found the shortest way to their clear waters.

Where the buffalo—perchance the mastodon!—led the way, the Indians followed, and after countless years the white man now catches the trail.

The path they choose leads directly to the banks of the Potomac. This river they cross at the ford known as Wadkin’s Ferry. Here opens before them the lovely valley of the Shenandoah. They journey slowly on up the trail, in the early afternoon; yet already the western mountains throw long shadows over the open spaces, and the forests look dark and mysterious, suggesting many things to those of the party who are gifted with vivid imaginations, and indeed, to those who are not!

So it is perhaps to the comfort of all when, coming to a spring of water, cool and clear, the leader decides to make camp; the wagons are drawn around in a circle, the animals are driven inside of it, and a cheerful fire and hearty supper put out of mind the mysterious, flitting shadows and the strange and stealthy sounds in that dark and lonely forest.

No Indians appeared that night, but later there were

many alarms and one attack, in which several of the party were wounded, but happily no one was killed.

As they continued their journey the attractions of the country became so great that many families decided to remain in Virginia, at least for a time. Among them were two of the Haworths—one of them being James, the hunter—and Squire Boone's family.

Eventually, however, the whole party with one or two exceptions found their way to the Yadkin. So resulted the story of one hunting trip. Others had like effect, and soon there were thousands of Pennsylvanians on their way to the valleys of Virginia and to North Carolina. Some went even to what later became Tennessee.

In the sons and daughters of these settlers were combined the good qualities of an Anglo-Saxon, Welsh, Scotch and Irish ancestry, and there in the backwoods of our country these boys and girls, growing up to a strong and hardy manhood and womanhood, became themselves the first *Americans*, destined to be the pioneers in the first great western extension of America.

About this time a young planter of Virginia—by name George Washington—began to take vigorous interest in the western country, and found among the hunters of the Yadkin the man he needed to explore the fine region on the southern bank of the Ohio River. Favorable reports of this well-watered land led to the formation of the Ohio Company, for the purpose of encouraging settlement, and plans were made for transporting thither two hundred families.

These preparations, although made in secret, in some way became known to the French.

This action, they considered, was too much to endure, and in consequence of it there now broke over the land that long-threatened French and Indian war to settle once for all the question which should hold sovereignty over the valley of the Ohio—the banner of England or the lilies of France.

To answer the question England sent over soldiers under command of General Braddock.

One hundred backwoodsmen from the Yadkin settlement volunteered to help the general fight the Indians. Though urged by his young officer, George Washington, to make use of these men as scouts, Braddock refused, and we know too well the terrible disaster that followed.

Among the Yadkin volunteers there was a wagoner, young Daniel, son of Squire Boone. In charge of another wagon was the hunter, John Finley, who told Boone ravishing tales of a country west of the mountains of Virginia, most beautiful and abounding in game, which he had found when paddling down the Ohio; but—he told Boone—he was certain it might be entered through a buffalo path leading over the mountains at Cumberland Gap. It would seem, from after events, that there and then a deep vow was registered by Daniel Boone. At any rate, we shall presently hear more of him and of the Cumberland Gap as well.

But in the meantime the war goes on and great things happen. For, finally, when the war ends, the English have won the possession of all the country east of the Mississippi River, from Florida to the Lakes.

So flies the banner of England—so fade the lilies of France!

There is much and eager talk now of western advance ; there are, also, several obstacles in its way.

One of them would seem likely to stop it altogether, for it is nothing less than a royal proclamation that no settlements are to be made "west of the headwaters of the rivers flowing east and southeast into the Atlantic"! for, explains England virtuously, "between the mountains and the Mississippi lie the hunting-grounds of the Indians" (and future annuities from the fur trade).

Secondly, though Pontiac's "rebellion" had been crushed, the Indians, bitterly hostile, are everywhere to be reckoned with.

Third, the mighty mountains—those impassable, unscalable ramparts of the West—seem themselves to say "Thus far, and no farther."

But North Carolina and Virginia make England's restrictions meaningless by so-called treaties with the Indians—with the Cherokees, powerful in the South; and with the Six Nations of New York, who hold a shadowy scepter over all tribesmen from the Ohio to the Tennessee.

The Cherokees are represented by twelve hundred warriors brought in from the woods by Daniel Boone. Three thousand warriors of the Six Nations gather at Fort Stanwix, now Rome, N. Y. They are, without doubt, picturesque assemblages, and at first the piled-up presents of cloth and fire-arms and finery—which are to compensate for the relinquished authority—seem ample; but when divided among three thousand, or even among twelve hundred, each proud warrior is left with a mortifyingly small share!

Still, the deed is done, and having thus paid the Indians "quit rent" for their lands, the North Carolinians and the Virginians leave England with absolutely nothing to say.

The backwoodsmen, however, give little heed to the proclamation; they go forth intrepidly to meet their Indian foes—not less, but rather more ferocious than before; and after long and patient search, they scale the mountain rampart—as the buffalo had before them—at the depression of the Cumberland Gap, follow a trail for many terrible miles through the wilderness, and reach at length the Kentucky River and that wondrously fair country known to us now as the lovely land of the Blue Grass.

The hunters and explorers—Walker, who named the Cumberland Gap—Finley, the one-time wagoner, the "Long Hunters," and, above all, DANIEL BOONE, had marvelous things to tell of splendid meadows and unheard of abundance of game. Their stories ran like wildfire along the border and were repeated in the cabin of every backwoodsman. There were, indeed, the terrible mountains to be first crossed, and on the other side was the dark and dismal and heart-breaking wilderness, and there was danger of Indian attack all along the way.

Yes! but at the end of it all there was, as Boone said, "paradise," and he offered to conduct to its fields Elysian, as many settlers as were willing to go.

All summer long the Promised Land took on fairer and fairer tints as Boone talked about it to his neighbors—old friends with whom he had traveled up the Shenandoah Valley long ago, for the passing years had brought them all together again on the Yadkin. In September a party is ready to start,

and among them are Boone's own family and the families of James and George Haworth.

The young men and maidens and the boys and girls of these families are true children of the frontier, brave and strong and clear-headed. Two of them are very fine-looking, genial, full of fun and evidently very popular with all the rest. The handsome girl is James Haworth's oldest daughter, Jemima; the other is Boone's youngest and dearly loved son. James Boone is a splendidly built young fellow, sixteen years old, and a woodsman clear through; as well he may be, for since he was a very small boy he has accompanied his father on all his hunting trips. He is full of life and hope, and keeps every one in good humor during the vexatious delays of the preparations.

They start at length—a long drawn out procession along the narrow trail—and are still in Powell's Valley, east of the mountains, when they are attacked by Indians.

There is a terrible time, and seven of the little party are killed, and—one of them is James Boone.

So tragically ends the first attempt to reach the Promised Land; for though the brave Boone entreated them to go on, the disheartened families returned to their homes on the Yadkin.

But Boone was not disheartened; and two years later he led over the Cumberland Gap and down through the wilderness the vanguard of that great army of settlers who, climbing to the Gap and pressing over the dark forest trail, made famous forevermore "Boone's Trace"—since known as the Wilderness Road.

On a day in April, 1775, when the Blue Grass country was at its very loveliest, a train of immigrants came winding

down to *Ken-ka-kee*—the land of meadows—over the Wilderness Road.

About the same time other settlers arrived by the river trails, and lo! here in this fairest country are, by the middle of May, four little beginnings of civilization—each one a stockaded fort, for through this beautiful land run many “warrior’s paths.” These settlements are Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, Boiling Springs and St. Asaph (by which name we know that at least one settler was a Welshman).

Just outside of the Boonesborough fort was a wide stretch of white clover, and in its midst a magnificent elm tree which, after the manner of Kentucky trees, was perfect in every springing curve.

Once again we look upon a “tree-moot”! but it stirs our blood as did never tree-moot before, for here under the far-reaching shade of the elm tree is in session the first *American* Representative Convention, having delegates from each of the four towns; and here in the backwoods, laws are made for the new commonwealth.

There are laws for the preservation of game—for, strange to say, there already has been great havoc from indiscriminate killing, and the lives of the settlers depend now upon game.

There are laws for the improvement of the breed of horses, and truly the scraggy and wornout survivors of the awful Wilderness Road needed improvement, and found it, as Kentucky horses now testify, in the rich grass and pea-vines and canes of the range.

We notice that the Sabbath is to be kept, and that swearing is forbidden, and we exult in the laws providing for perfect

religious freedom and "general toleration" (which is well, for there are all sorts and kinds of men in the settlement), but alas! alas! there *may be* slaves, and there are no plans for schools!

This Convention was held on the twenty-third of May.

Presently, a long line of pack-horses comes down over the Wilderness Road, bringing more settlers and a belated newspaper from Boston.

And thus there rumble in the stockades on the Kentucky the reverberations of the shot which, fired by New England's "embattled farmers," was heard around the world. These pioneers of the West, feeling the thrill, commemorate the day by naming their tiny settlement "Lexington."

The years go by—there is fighting in the East to win Independence for our country; there is fighting in the West to save it from savagery, for these are terrible days in "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky.

There comes a horseman one day over the perilous Wilderness Road. He brings some letters and newspapers in his saddle-bags, all of them of absorbing interest to these far-away Americans.

To us the most interesting is that letter received by friend Israel Morgan, from Mrs. Betsy Ross, his Quaker cousin in Philadelphia, telling of all the exciting happenings in that city since the Old Bell had rung for Liberty, and describing the flag she has made for the soldiers.

And now the two armies fight on—the army of the East to hold fast the red stripes and the white; the army of the West, with as great courage and endurance, adding stars to the blue!

There are now indeed not two armies, but only one; for George Washington, the pioneer of western home-makers, is also George Washington the Commander-in-Chief, and presently the backwoodsmen of the West, rallying at King's Mountain, fight that battle of the East which, turning the tide of defeat, brings at length Freedom to our country.

Now, lowers the banner of England; now, waves the American Flag!

And now, thousands upon thousands of settlers float down the river trails to the West—thousands upon thousands wind over the Wilderness Road.



CHAPTER VI.

A MAN WHO DARED—AND WON

The fur-trader, the hunter, and the explorer who had discovered the beautiful meadow country west of the mountains, and opened the way thither to thousands of immigrants, were followed by the surveyor, who in rough fashion drew boundary lines—of counties and towns to be, and of individual holdings—not perhaps very accurate, but at least more reliable than the “tomahawk claims” of the settlers.

We are not surprised therefore that a young woodsman of Virginia, about to go to Kentucky, should place in his saddlebags—along with a supply of pemmican and powder—a set of surveyor’s instruments.

The young surveyor, whose name was George Rogers Clarke, slowly made his way down the trail to Cumberland Gap, through the Gap, and over the Wilderness Road, reaching at last the settlements in Kentucky, where he soon became well known for his courage and daring in fighting the Indians.



For Kentucky at that time was holding its breath in terror of the red man. Words cannot picture the horrors which were now the common lot of settlers in the country, and which must continue to be so while long lines of savage tribesmen shall be encouraged to come stealthily down Ohio war-paths and across the river, to murder and burn and pillage.

The young Virginian saw one thing clearly: that the Indians would be aided and bribed, and that the raids would therefore continue just so long as the British held the forts—once the outposts of the French—in the far-away northwest country.

These forts then must be captured from the British and held by the Americans.

So only might the Indian reign of terror be brought to an end. And Clarke, heart-sick with the horrors all about him, thought out a daring way to surprise and capture the forts in the Illinois country.

Staking his life on the venture, he dared also to carry out this plan.

It is a thrilling story of heroism, of dauntless courage, of unconquerable will—this march of Clarke and his followers to the forts of Kaskaskia, Kahokia and Old Vincennes; a successful march, too, for the forts were surprised and captured.

And so it came about that when peace was declared after the Revolutionary War the northern boundary of our country should be, not the Ohio River, but the upper Mississippi and the Lakes. We owe this conquest of the Old Northwest to George Rogers Clarke, the man who dared to do the apparently impossible—and *won*.

Once again, America, having been always a refuge for the distressed of the earth, spells Opportunity; not this time for foreign immigrants, but for her own sons who had fought for her the battle of freedom.

For the Continental army was about to be disbanded, leaving the soldiers destitute and homeless and unpaid. But happily there was now this new "Public Domain"; and the nation's debt to her living saviors, and to the widows and orphans of those who had given to her their lives, was ordered to be paid in homestead lands; and, presently, Congress grandly decided in the passing of the "Ordinance of '87," what the government of the great Territory of the Northwest should be.

The Ordinance declared that religion should be free; liberal provision (as planned two years previous to this action) was made for education and social intercourse, by devoting one district in every township and one township in every county to the support of public schools and colleges; and by so laying out the land, that no householder should be more than half a mile from a road, and no child more than a mile from a school.

The Ordinance also directed that the Territory should be formed into not less than three nor more than five States (but eventually six States were formed from it), and that when any of these States should have a population of sixty thousand it should be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the thirteen original States; moreover, once admitted into the Union these States could never be separated from it.

Finally and chiefly, it was decided by unanimous vote, although nearly two-thirds of the delegates were from the

Southern States, that *slavery* should be “forever excluded” from the Northwest Territory.

Somehow, the news of these promised homes in the wild wilderness of the West spread rapidly through the country, seeming to run ahead of the plodding mail-carrier and the clumsy stage-coach.

If we could but see with our mind’s eye those multitudes of flushed and excited boys and girls; if, with our mind’s ear, we could but hear their eager talk over this momentous “going West”—which is now the main thing spoken of from Maine to Georgia (though perhaps not in Florida, for, strange to say, Florida, won in the French War, was, after the Revolutionary War, given back to Spain!)

All the land is now a-buzz with this talk and stirring with preparation for the long and difficult journeys soon to be undertaken.

Endlessly long—unspeakably difficult—these journeys seem to us as we look back upon them.

To be sure, in the East were beginning to be what were called roads; and for the first part of the way the mothers and babies, perhaps even the smaller children, might ride in wagons—but such springless and uncomfortable wagons! such slow-moving oxen; such rocks and boulders in the roads; such bottomless depths of mud and mire; such quicksands, such swamps, such fording of rivers, such creaking, dragging, endless climbing of stony hills, such dangerous, anxious descents! *such weariness!* And when wagons must be left behind, what perils of Indians—in river travel and on bridle trails over the mountains.

Yes; all this and much, much more of discomfort, of danger, of deadly peril, that we in this age cannot even imagine.

Even so—but at the end of the forest vistas shone steadily the bright star of hope; beyond the long perils of the way, and the hardships of the first years in the wild country, lay *for their children*, that fair land of promise, in which fathers and mothers of New England saw prophetically the churches and schools which had always been to them as the breath of life; while to many a Southern mother there smiled and beckoned—beyond the rivers and mountains and peril of Indians—fair Opportunity—that *chance in life* for their children which they themselves had never had.

So now in all the East are quietly resolute older people, and happy and eager children. To them discomforts are unthought of; and anticipated dangers, *at a distance*, mean only delightful shivers and thrills of pleasurable excitement.

The bright spirit of expectancy hovering over all the land, touches even far off Maine.

It is a summer afternoon, brimful of light—shining upon orchard and clover field—and reflected from myriads of dazzling wavelets in the harbor. In the fragrant air is the drowsy hum of bees and in almost every house of the village is an answering whirr of spinning wheels.

In one little cottage, the humming of the wheel stops abruptly. A girl comes to the door and stands a moment looking out over the sparkling waters. Her dress is of blue homespun and its dark tint suits well her clear skin, gray eyes and shining dark hair. A grape-vine growing over the doorway frames the pretty picture.

"A watched kettle never boils, Nancy!" calls a voice from within, and Nancy with a sigh, returns once more to her wheel, leaving the grape-vine frame with little excuse for being.

She comes again though, and again. The third time the sun is going down in a glory of color. The distant mountains are a tender blue haze, but the nearer hills glow with wonderful crimson and purple. Every soft and brilliant tint of sky and clouds is reflected in the waters of the harbor. Far out there spreads a glassy surface of clear green and in its midst a fishing smack is beating in against the wind.

Nancy's quick eyes see it afar, and as she watches, the turning sail reflects a rosy light. A beautiful sight, truly, if one were looking for beauty!

But it means more to Nancy that the little vessel is bringing home her soldier-father. When he went away to fight his country's battles she was an intense and passionate little "rebel." She is an equally intense American now, and tender and proud as proud can be, when scarred and worn and in tattered old regimentals her father greets her at the landing, and they go together up the walk and pass in under the grape-vine frame, where waits the soldier's wife. Her eyes do not flash with pride; they brim with tears, over the havoc wrought by wounds and privations.

So over all the country the soldiers are coming back to their families. Each carries with him a certificate signed by George Washington, giving him title to land in the Northwest Territory. In many cases there is no choice but to go, and the few household possessions are soon in readiness. In every kind of vehicle, on horseback, even on foot; carrying ducks and

chickens in coops, and driving before them cows and sheep and pigs, little groups of families wind and jolt their way westward, meeting at a designated spot other families and a leader, who having been once to Pittsburg is considered well qualified to act as captain and guide of the expedition. While dry weather and moonlight last, traveling is tolerably comfortable and camping is not so bad, but there are, after awhile, days of heavy rain, and nights of blackness and chill, when not a dry stick for a fire can be found, when wolves howl, and panthers scream in the forests, and when misery is made acute by the dismalest of cold suppers!

Wet and cold and hungry, they yet keep bravely on.

They cross the Hudson at the Kingston Ferry, creep slowly on along the military road through New York, across New Jersey and Pennsylvania—fancy the wretchedness long drawn out!—until the Youghiogheny is reached, where all the people and all their belongings are transferred to a big and clumsy flatboat, which shall convey them down the river and into the Ohio, and so on to their journey's end.

But the journey's end is not yet.

There it was, in the tree above them, and plainly to be seen, if only the boys would lift their eyes to the right place!

But they look above and beneath, to the right and to the left, and never see that beautiful crotch—exactly what they want and have been long searching for.

For the situation is, briefly, this:

These boys are “going West”; another pack-saddle is needed to transport thither the family chattels; and to make the

saddle, they must have a fork of a tree bent in just such a curve as will fit the sides of their horse, Jack. Such a crotch has been easily found for Jill—the trouble is that Jack is harder to fit.

The boys trudging homeward, are accosted in shrill chorus by a troop of brothers and sisters. Even the twins, Joab and Joel, add their small treble—piping out as they toddle along, the question that all are asking, “Didn’t you find one?”

The big brothers rather crossly suggest that the assembled group—four boys and three girls—should themselves find “one,” otherwise a crotch.

There is reason for hurrying their preparations, for yesterday a neighbor coming “in” from the Wilderness had given their mother a copy of the “Richmond Gazette,” which contained the following “*notice*”:

“A large company will meet on May 4th at Martin’s Cabin, in Powell’s Valley, in order to make an early start for the Kentuckee on the morning of May 5th. As the journey through the Wilderness is very dangerous, on account of the Indians, it is hoped each person will go well armed, and not depend on others to defend them.”

One might think that in such conditions a mother with eleven children and no protector, for her husband had recently died, would change her mind about “going West”! Especially if, as in this case, the horrors of an Indian attack were a matter of experience, and sorrowful memory.

We, too, remember the tragic day when Daniel Boone’s son was killed by Indians. That horrible experience, as was said, induced the greater number of Boone’s party to return to the Yadkin, and among them was the family of James Haworth. His daughter Jemima, spirited, courageous and

resolute, would nevertheless have gone on to Kentucky, had not her love and care for her mother been even greater than her desire to reach the new country.

It so happens that Jemima Haworth of the Yadkin, and Mrs. John Wright of South Carolina, the mother of these boys and girls, are one and the same, and this time the fearless woman is not to be turned back by any lions—or Indians—in the path.

For in South Carolina, as we have discovered, there are no schools, and Jemima Wright, of fine mind and well taught, is ambitious for her sons and daughters. Besides it is not fair to say she has no protector, for her oldest boys are fine, manly fellows, on whom she may well “depend,” Indians or no Indians!

At all events, she is going to Ohio, that alluring country “where no child need be more than a mile from a school-house”!

Sunday comes, and busy as they are, the family puts aside all preparations for the journey, and go in a body to a camp-meeting, held in the woods nearby; the rude pulpit is directly under a certain wide-branching tree. The preacher, “lining out” the words of a hymn, lifts his eyes to the tree. Suddenly, he comes to a pause; looking intently upward, he points his finger to a branch above him. “Right in thar,” he says, “if anybody needs one, thar’s a turrible fine crotch for a pack-saddle.”

Jesse and James, Joseph and John Wright eagerly start forward, but the preacher calmly finishes, “and it’ll stay thar, I reckon, till this sarvice is through.” It did; but during the “nooning” the Wright boys lost no time in cutting off the

tempting fork and in a very short time the saddle was ready for its load.

Now, they say Good-bye—a life-long farewell and a tearful one—to their many friends and relatives, and start off, the mother riding Jerry, the big bay horse, and carrying before her in turn the younger children—Jane and Joshua and tiny Jemima.

Joab and Joel jounce along in baskets fastened to the saddle of Jack the pack horse, whose mate, Jill, comes plodding after, laden with a motley collection of goods and chattels.

In front of their mother, Jesse and James, the oldest boys, tramp steadily on, keeping the while a careful lookout. Behind the horses, travel two cows, two pigs and two sheep, with Judith and Jonah doing their best to keep them somewhere near the narrow trail. They are greatly aided in these efforts by their active little dog, Jowler. Joseph and John, next in age to Jesse and James, form a watchful rear-guard.

Yes; their names *do* all begin with “J”! and we have made this discovery more quickly than did the father and mother—John and Jemima—for they did not note the fact until after they had called the twins—poor babies!—Joab and Joel.

After that the children had great fun in finding “J” names for those other beloved members of their family—the horses and the dog. It was the more difficult for them, for they had not the Bible to go to, as had their parents.

The cavalcade moves on, having, naturally, some jolly and jubilant times, for, at first, no Indians appear; and there is truly much fun in tramping and camping—when the weather is bright, and when all goes well.

The mother's chief anxiety is to reach Martin's cabin on the appointed day—it were indeed a calamity should they fail to meet that large and “well-armed” company! So they make all possible haste, the mother walking for many a mile, while Jerry patiently carries as many children as his broad back will hold.

They thus make quicker progress and finally reach Powell's Valley, dark under the long shadows of the mountains, and just as the sun is setting on May 4th, they arrive safely at “Martin's,” where are already a goodly company, and among them some of the Yadkin kinsfolk, who warmly greet Jemima, and their numerous and plucky small cousins.

The small cousins meanwhile think themselves in clover, for never have they seen such bustle and activity as at “Martin's”—a sort of outfitting station for the long wilderness journey.

Many of the immigrants have come from Virginia—in clumsy vehicles, over desperate roads; but at this point the cart track fails and all wagons must be left behind. So there is much packing of saddles, and making of bundles, and also much rounding up of stray cattle and pigs.

Finally the long procession, with well-seasoned pioneers going before, walking alongside, and bringing up the rear, begins the ascent to Cumberland Gap.

The Wright children, having lived all their lives until now in South Carolina, have, of course, never been to school; but their mother has taught the older ones to read and write. The best scholars among them are Judith and Joshua—and the mother has bestowed upon Judith the honor of keeping a little diary of this wonderful journey to send home some day to the friends in South Carolina.

Here follow some of the little girl's entries:

May 6. Thursday.

We all pakt up and started to cross Cumberland gap. Soon we met maney peopel turned back for fear of the Indians, but our company still goes on with good courage.

This is a verey Bad hilley way. We came to a creek with verey steep banks—we had to cross it several times. The horses almost got mired, some fell in, and their loads got wet. We camped on this creek.

May 7.

This morning was a turrible flustration amongst the horses. One got scared and ran away, threw down the Saddle-Baggs and broke three of our powder gourds. Then one hors burst open a wallet of corn and lost a good deal and all the loose horses ran away. Peter's mair run against a sapling and noct it down. We catched them all again.

May 8.

Our shoes are all wore out. Cousin Haworth gave us some elkskin to make new ones, but the awls were all lost. So Jesse made one out of the Shank of an old fishing hook and James made one from a hors shoe nail. Mother helped us and we made moccasos. Moccasos are not as good as shoes, they soak up water and get verey hevey.

May 10.

Today a bear nearly killed Jowler, Joseph rubbed bear-oil on him and cousin Haworth carried him on his horse until he was well.

We could not do without the dogs. When they act queer we know there are Indians not far away, and often they find cows that have lost themselves in the woods.

We had a fine supper, bear Stakes and jonnycake.

May 11.

We do get most turible tired of crossing of creeks. We have crost Bear creek fifty times. Every time we crost Joshua made a notch in a stick. He says sixty times but I know better How to add figgers and I say that there are only 50 nicks in the stick.

May 12.

We past some great trees today. Jesse meshured one of them, it is fourty feet around it. Cousin Haworth says it is a sign of good land, so Jesse cleared a little place and planted some corn and some peach stones, and Gashed the trees with his indian hatchet. This means that he will come back some day to live here.

May 13. The Sabbath.

May 14.

Today we past some apple trees and some peach trees. I said why did not the peopel who Planted them come back to live there? Jesse said not to tell mother the reason was that they had all been killed by indians—cept two little children. they Had to go home with the indians. I don't want to be a indian's little girl. We had no bread today.

May 15.

The woods were so dark, it seemed like bed time all day long, and we came to a turrible place and the path was lost. they said to us children keep on keep on. we couldn't and were scart and cryed. Besides we was turrible Hungry and all the peopel sot down and said it's no use to try. We can't go enny father. Mother is never scart and she said Let's sing

'Tis by the faith of joys to come. Once at home, we heard the soldiers' music. Mother's voice sounded like that. She began to sing:

"'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night
Till we arrive at heaven our home
Faith is our guide and faith our light.

"Cheerful we tread the desert though
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

"So Abram by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land
And fired his zeal along the road."

Everybody soon stopped crying and groaning and sang out good and Loud: after that Preacher Logan prayed.

Then everybody said Let's try again and everybody helped Everybody to find the path and clime the rocks and cross the creeks and pretty soon we saw lite thru the trees and we came out of the woods into a Beautiful place, all sunshiny grass and red flowers and a brook running along fast and birds were singing. The men shot wild turkys and mother helped to roast them over the fire.

Everybody said they were the Best Turkys they ever had.
May 16.

Last nite a Wolf came into the camp. He bit little Jemima's hand and Jemima screamed fearful.

May 17.

We are in the dark woods again. Today Jesse was riding Dan Sevier's horse on a awful narrow edge of road. The horse's leg slipped over and rolled down a terrible steep place. We thought Jesse was dead. Mother gave him Sal Volter and he opened his eyes and now he is well. The horse was scared but not hurt.

May 18.

To-day James and Joseph climbed a mountain and was terrible scared, 'cause they saw marks of 2 Indians' feet, and pressed down bushes.

May 19.

Joshua and me saw great birds flying round and round over the trees. We told James he said to Jesse that means Indians, but I didn't mean Indians I meant birds, turkey-buzzards like we had at home.

May 20. The Sabbath.

May 21.

People were terrible scared over them Buzzards. They say Indians Indians. We can't have any fire in camp tonight—so the Indians won't see the smoke.

May 22.

All the time people are passing along the Path going back to Virginia and North Carolina because of Indians. Every night now all we children are afraid. But Joshua says he is not afraid of Indians or wolves or anything. I suppose he means 'cept a snake, cause he ran away from one yesterday.

May 23.

Today we came to a salt lick, there were kettles there

and men making salt, other men were standing near with Guns. They had found some big bones in the ground, and some teeth that were Five Feet long. The beast must have had a turrible large mouth.

May 24.

There are turrible noises in the woods, howels and screams and softly sounds, indians I spose. We children are scart, but mother and Jesse and James tell us never fear, it will be all rite.

May 25.

We are awl turrible, turrible scart. This morning before it was lite, the indians caim to our camp. Thar was a boy who had a hors but he said he liked to walk. When I was Tired with walking he askt me to ride. He was a awful nice boy and the indians killed him.

I don't want to rite any more in my Book.

After this there are more "turrible" happenings. Nevertheless this family of "J's" keep resolutely on; turning at length from the Wilderness trail to the "Warriors' Path," whose very name might frighten away a nervous person; for by this trail Ohio Indians had for many long years crossed the land of Kentucky.

They reach at last the Ohio River. Here they must wait awhile, for a chance to go down the river.

This is no hardship, however, for nothing could be to the children a finer sight than the great waters, on which pass at short intervals, carrying parties of settlers, pirogues, Kentucky "broad-horns" and "arks."

As evening comes on a big keel boat comes in sight, and

never in all their lives will these listeners forget the sweetness of the music of the boatman's horn, and the steersman's calls of "lift" and "set," which softly echo and re-echo along the valley and among the distant hills, "like horns of elf-land faintly blowing." The next morning, along comes a great flatboat, having already on board passengers and freight, but happily there is room for the "J's" and for all their belongings. They have a rather exciting time getting all the animals on board; a sorrowful time, too, for Jowler, in his efforts to drive the pigs in the right direction, somehow catches his foot, and in trying to jerk it loose he breaks one of his legs—to the great dismay and grief of his loving owners.

A group on deck—a soldier, his wife and his very pretty daughter, are watching the new arrivals with much interest. The pretty girl does more than that. She holds the bridles of Jack and Jill until Jesse comes to relieve her. As he does so she hears the sharp yelps of poor Jowler. "I know what to do," she says, and from that moment the dog is as happy as a dog with a broken leg can be, and as for that, under the skillful Nancy's tender treatment, the leg does not remain broken very long.

One day as their big boat, helped along with a sail, is gliding down the river, a man comes down to the shore and makes signs to be taken on board.

The captain is an old pioneer and knows well this Indian device; he pays no attention to the call, but keeps a sharp lookout. Presently out from the shore come swiftly several large canoes filled with Indians, fully armed.

The captain sharply orders all the women and children to

lie down flat on their faces and not to move or make any noise. After this there is, as little Judith would say, a most "turrible" time. The canoes surround the boat, some of the Indians board it, and for a few moments all seems over for the boat and its passengers.

But by swift action the captain and crew at last get the victory and the savages sullenly withdraw. Now, and not until now, it is seen that one of the "J's" has been hurt. It is Joshua.

He goes to his mother and asks her to take a bullet from the top of his head, and to "fix" his elbow—and there, sure enough, hangs from it a piece of bone. The Indians had shot him twice! Said his mother in horror: "Why did you not tell me before, Joshua?" "Because," said the little chap firmly, "the captain told us not to make a noise, and I knew if I told you, you *would* make a noise!"

So went life on the Ohio in the days of the Great Immigration. Only perhaps there was not always on board a tender Nancy to bind up the wounds!

They float on down the river, stopping at last at a point opposite the Licking River. We mention this because it in a measure accounts for the queer name first given to the terraces, the hills back of them, the fort and cluster of log cabins on the Ohio side of the river—Losantiville (which you will see, if you read it backward, means "the city opposite the mouth of the Licking!") Happily the name was changed to *Cincinnati*, in honor of the soldiers who were now about to turn their swords to plow-shares. *On paper*, the city is all planned and laid out, with Philadelphia as a model; even the streets—to be—are

named after the city of Brotherly Love. Our friends all land here; those from Maine and those from South Carolina. The latter make a long procession, for notwithstanding the perils of the way they are all safely here, the mother and her eleven children, the recovered Jowler, the cows and sheep and pigs—Jerry and Jack and Jill. On their way from the river they meet a man coming down to the landing hoping to buy two pack-horses from someone on the boat; he has taken a large section of what will be in the future the heart of Cincinnati, but wants now to go elsewhere. So he offers Mrs. Wright *the whole tract of land* in exchange for Jack and Jill!

But her children listen to his pleadings in horror. *Sell Jack and Jill!!!* Breathlessly they listen for their mother's answer:

It comes quickly—Mother Jemima is always prompt and decided. “*No*,” she says, “*NO*; I will not sell the pack-horses.” *Else* might her descendants be now part owners of the great city of Cincinnati!

But the much relieved children travel on to their journey's end—Joab and Joel still jouncing along in great content, the others trudging cheerily after.

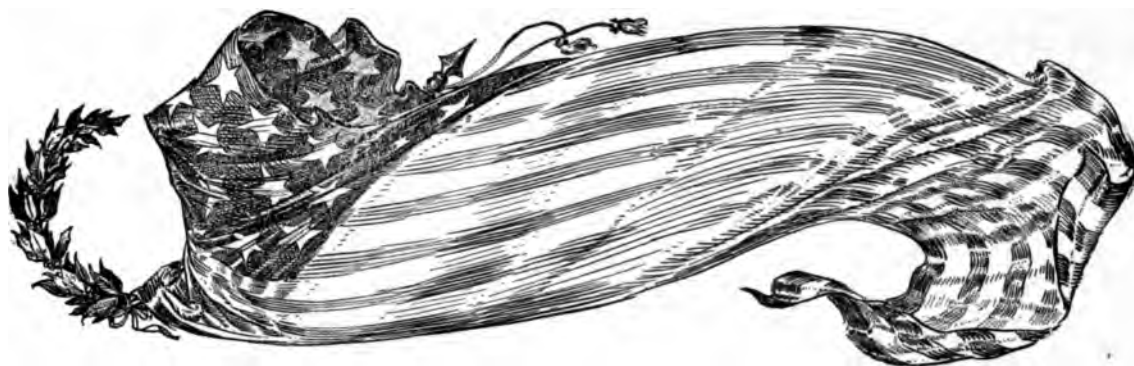
And they do reach at length the promised land, “where no child need be more than a mile from a school.” Here amidst perils of Indians, and through much hard work, a home is won from the wilderness, and here the “J's” and the pretty Nancy grow up to a fine manhood and womanhood and—so far as is known—live happy ever after.

The Ohio River becomes now a dividing line—sharply

drawn. On the north there is education, a chance for every one to put forth his utmost effort,—to do his best and to succeed—in a word, there is Freedom.

On the south, there is no public education and there is slavery of men.

But in time, free institutions must extend over all our country, for “America” means *opportunity*, and the spirit of America is liberty.



CHAPTER VII.

DOWN-STREAM

Years passed by, and Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, growing and prospering, became, presently, "the West."

The settlers in Kentucky, leaving their stockades, planted gardens and orchards, and raised goodly crops of flax and hemp and corn. The beautiful wild pastures furnished rich sustenance to horses and cattle, sheep and pigs, and farther west on the wide plains the buffalo and beaver, deer and elk still lingered. And presently, the settlers having generous provision for their own wants, became also the owners of a pleasing but perplexing *surplus*.

For this surplus must in some way reach a market; but there were hundreds of miles—difficult and dangerous miles—between them and any possible buyers of their superabundant products.

Nevertheless, these farmers of the backwoods must reach a market! and, possessing the true Anglo-Saxon grit, *they do*, as we shall see.

Far back in the early days of Kentucky some hunters, coming one day out of the black forest, had seen before them to their surprise and delight, crab-apple trees, beautiful and fragrant in their deep-tinted blossoming; brilliant too, and musical, for many Kentucky songsters dwelt among the branches. Perchance an even earlier hunter had planted seeds, thus preempting the land. If so, he never returned to make good his claim, and only the trees of the nearby forest knew the dark reason, and sadly whispered it in the soft sighing of their leaves.

Whatever the planting, the seeds sprouted and became trees, and were known at this time (and ever after) as the Crab Orchard. The path through the dark wilderness was still beset with Indians, and only a large and well-armed company could hope to get safely into the Old Settlements. Accordingly notice had been given in the *Kentucky Gazette* that a party would set out from the Crab Orchard on this day, and the backwoods farmers are now gathering there from all the Kentucky settlements. In the air is the far-off music of bells. The sweet tinklings are heard among the hills, now in this direction, now in that, and even as the most commonplace landscape becomes in the distance divinely mystic, and heavenly blue, so with the sweet toned bells. Nearer by, they lose their charm, and clang, clang, with discordant notes, keeping time with the slow stepping of pack horses.

The last stragglers arriving, the long train starts, and creeps slowly up the Wilderness Road. There are surely a hundred horses, laden with corn and bacon, wool and hemp, and above all, with rich furs which even at this time bring a good price at the coast, and would later sell for almost their

weight in gold. They offer a tempting prize, and sharp encounters with Indians are therefore frequent. The horses many times make a break for the wilderness and the music of their bells becomes most exasperatingly sweet—because so very far away. But it is by the bells that the horses are found and brought back to the path. Again and again in crossing streams the packs fall off and become soaked in the water—in short, there are many dangers, and every possible delay and vexation and tax upon endurance and courage; but at length the weary cavalcade gets “in,” and, long after, reaches Philadelphia, the journey’s end. The loads are unpacked and sold, payment being made for the first time in dollars, dimes and cents, newly coined at the National Mint lately established in Philadelphia. The horses are either sold or re-laden for the return trip, perhaps with salt, or kettles (for making salt at the licks), and powder. In either case the backwoodsmen must tramp back again, over the long miles and perils of the Wilderness Road.

This is one way to market.

The other way is down-stream, from the falls of the Ohio to its mouth and then by the Mississippi to New Orleans—the capital of the one time French—but now Spanish—Louisiana.

In the days when La Salle had floated in his canoe down the river the site of the coming city was a cypress swamp, unnoticed perhaps among many others like it—perhaps indeed unseen, for whenever the river was high the swamp was under water!

Later, the strategic value of the position of this piece of swamp land was comprehended by an astute French agent. Thereupon some convicts and ship’s carpenters were sent

thither to build a fort and some log cabins, to guard the river—coming and going—from all but Frenchmen.

As the years went by, the little Venice-like trading station developed into the metropolis of Louisiana—the first city ever built on the great river rushing by.

The population of New Orleans was at this time a conglomerate.

There were many old French families, proud, aristocratic, and sufficient unto themselves, whoever might, for the time, rule their city! They lived in fine old French houses and in their gardens were roses and lilies and magnolias. There were proud old Spanish families also, and many beautiful *creoles* glancing from latticed windows; there were many blacks, and an indiscriminate mingling of adventurers, sailors, traders and Indians,—some of them free, others slaves. There was no drainage in the city, there were many mosquitoes and much fever, and no one dreamed that any one of these could affect the other two.

It was in this old French city that the cargoes of the rivermen were sold or stored. The boats or rafts were then broken up and sold for lumber, and the crew made the return trip overland.

Strange as it seems to us, England or Philadelphia by this roundabout course were nearer, in time, than by going up the Ohio to Pittsburg and so on by land and water to Philadelphia, and across the sea!

Practically then, the only outlet to the sea for Tennessee and Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois, was found by thus floating down-stream.

There were obstacles too in this river way—treacherous currents, “planters” and “sawyers,” rapids, hidden rocks and sandbars, and *Indians*, and finally, all these being safely passed, there came a time when the Spanish authorities closed the port of New Orleans against the outgo of American products,—against the income also of foreign articles—had there been any! but at this period there was no way of stemming the powerful current of the river; therefore all trade was down-stream,—all exports and no imports.

The New West resolved that this waterway to a market should be kept open—even, some said, at the extreme cost of an alliance with Spain and the formation of a “West America.”

Rumors of these plans reached Washington, the new,—*very* new—national capital—and it is in the interests of American commerce and to maintain the Union that the ownership of the great Father of Waters is finally settled.

We remember that De Soto, discovering the mighty river, claimed it for Spain. Later, La Salle victoriously floated out of it into the Gulf; and whoso discovereth the *mouth* of a river to him belongeth the country watered by it and by all of its tributaries!

So La Salle, as we have seen, set up the French lilies at the Mississippi’s mouth and named the vast territory so claimed *Louisiana*, in honor of his king.

At the close of the French-Indian war, when the eastern valley was given up to England, France secretly transferred to Spain all her claims west of the Mississippi, Spain at the same time yielding Florida to England. In another turn of the

kaleidoscope we see Florida too, given back to Spain, and then indeed De Soto's Spanish banner fluttered proudly in the breeze.

But just at this time, over in France, Napoleon Bonaparte, dreaming dreams of a French empire in America, gets back Louisiana in exchange for Tuscany, which he "gives" to Spain.

Spain, or France, the Government at Washington knows that the New West will have that open way down the Mississippi. Therefore, the "Little Corporal," being badly in need of funds, is induced to exchange the baseless fabric of his empire dream for a substantial reality of fifteen millions of dollars, *purchase money from the United States for Louisiana!*

And now, paddle American boats *down-stream!*

So broke and fell the Spanish banner over the Mississippi; and so withered and died in America the lilies of France! So rises the American flag at New Orleans—city of many owners! So in time to come will it be flung out from the far-off blue walls of the West.

Aye! and so shall the Stars and Stripes wave in that beautiful and remote, and as yet unknown country "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound, save his own dashings"!

For Jefferson when in Paris, years before these happenings, had heard wonderful stories of wealth to be had from the sale in China of the rich furs of the North Pacific Coast country. These were told him by John Ledyard, an American who had sailed with Captain Cook on his great voyages of discovery. To this Pacific country Captain Gray's discovery of the Columbia River gave us a right of ownership.

In addition to this Louisiana had always been said to reach

“as far as the Western Sea,” so that we now had a second claim to the country.

Jefferson never forgot Ledyard's stories and even before the Purchase he had planned an expedition to the Northwest coast, with the object of establishing there a fur trading station. By the time, however, that the exploring party was ready to start Louisiana had become ours.

This expedition was under the charge of Captain Lewis and Captain Clark, the latter the brother of the man who gave us the “Old” Northwest.

Leaving St. Louis (which we recall as having been one of the chain of French forts, projected by La Salle) the party pushed up the Missouri. Far off in the wilderness they came to a cluster of seven log cabins called *La Charrette*. Here, in this very last outpost of American settlements, lived now Kentucky's great pioneer, Daniel Boone. We can fancy the wistfulness and longing of the old man's look westward when the young captains bade him farewell.

Jefferson hoped to find the sources of the Missouri very near the head waters of the Columbia, and to his great pleasure the explorers found this to be the case—the two rivers springing indeed from the same mountains, and so in course of time Lewis and Clark floated down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean. And thus at last—not Spain or England or France or Holland but—*America* discovered that long-sought “Northwest Passage” to the East. Whereupon, a certain rich merchant of New York City established near the mouth of the Columbia the trading post of *Astoria*. The Hudson Bay Company considering this poaching upon their preserves, a struggle for the country

began. It was finally terminated in our favor, partly at least through the efforts of Dr. Marcus Whitman, missionary to the Indians at Walla-Walla—"The rider in Buckskin, whose praise will be sung while Columbia's waters roll down to the sea."

After this, countless boats and rafts pass down the Mississippi, and presently—marvel of marvels!—a vessel, called a keel-boat, goes *up-stream* against the current. The keel-boatmen follow the receding buffalo and beaver up the Missouri and the Platte, up the Red River and the Arkansas, bringing back with them loads of furs, much knowledge of the new purchase, and many tales of fertile lands therein.

There is much crossing now of the great river. There are streams of white-covered wagons, long trains of horses, innumerable flatboats on the Ohio, carrying thousands of emigrants to the new country—albeit the old is as yet far from settled!

In the South, the cattle men, feeling behind them the pressure of widening tobacco and cotton fields, and before them the allurements of the boundless free range of Louisiana, drive over the river great herds and droves of cattle and horses. These migrations have ever since continued, moving farther and farther westward as advancing civilization quickly monopolized the range. Many animals lost on the way were the progenitors of the present numerous "wild" horses and cattle of the plains.

The cotton fields also were advancing westward almost by leaps and bounds, for recently a certain young schoolmaster of New England—true to his training—had invented a machine

for extracting the seeds from cotton bolls. By this "cotton gin" he increased the value of a slave a thousand fold.

Cotton quickly wears out the land it is grown in, and being now a most profitable crop, many a southern planter, taking with him his slaves, crossed the great river to the fresh and unused country on the other side.

Time goes on and in a few years brings a war with England. By order of our Government United States ships are ordered not to sail the seas. Thus New England's great industry of ship-building is stopped and thousands of seaboard men, thrown out of employment, pack up their families and possessions and journey westward, even across the great river!

And presently in the black-soiled prairies beyond, spring up, along with rich crops of corn and wheat, the *institutions of New England*—free churches and schools, a free press and free labor. A longer line is drawn from east to west. North of the line America still signifies to her boys and girls—Opportunity; on the south there is slave labor and, save for the children of the rich, no chance in life.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP

Far up in the Alps of Switzerland perches a tiny *chalet*, which—so steep is the mountain side—seems in momentary danger of slipping from its moorings.

Cows are browsing here and there on the mountain, and near the little house a boy is seated on the grass. By his side is a wooden horn. Presently, when the pure white of glistening peaks shall turn to gold and crimson, and when the purple shadows deepen in the valley, he will call home the wandering cows.

The boy has been reading a letter and through this letter he has heard the *call of America*. He sees through an opening in the mountains the bright western sky, and to his thought it is as though clear-toned bells were ringing softly across the sea, and in their sweet, far-off chimings he seems evermore to hear the magic words upon which his eyes have been intently gazing—“*Freedom*,” “*happiness*,” “*prosperity*.”

And the boy, when he becomes a man, bids farewell to

the little *chalet* and the mountain side and takes ship for America.

Others too, have heard the glad message of the bells, and there are on board the ship men and women—high born and gently reared, but now exiled from their country and in deep poverty; starving peasants; many who have been crowded out of their fatherland; with them all are little children.

But now, as the ship sails into the harbor, they are not hopeless nor discouraged, for the sight of the beautiful new country, the thought of its glorious opportunity for a fresh start in life, fills their hearts with new hope and an unconquerable energy and strength.

The new-comers do not linger in the East, but quickly make their way—by better roads than once must have been the case—to the land of their dreams—"the West." They are brave and resolute, with the true heart of the pioneer, and as time passes the rich promise of the bells is fulfilled to them—as many a flourishing community testifies.

The young Swiss, quiet and determined, travels on and on—the Ohio country does not tempt him, nor Indiana, nor Illinois.

He reaches the Mississippi and crosses it. The rich prairies on the other side attract many of his fellow immigrants to make homes there; but he travels on—over the long trail to the western mountains. One day he sees high up against the deep blue of the sky an exquisite opal crown. This is the peak of Shasta, and here, turning southward, he presently enters a beautiful and smiling valley. Here he is alone; no white men have been before him, none follow. Here he will make his home.

But there are Indians in this beautiful country of the Sacramento, and to keep them in check, the young man builds a fort—which is known as “Sutter’s Fort” to this day.

But young Sutter makes friends with the Indians and transforms them into faithful workers in his fields and pastures.

For those far-away bells rang true. Sutter *is* free and happy and prosperous. As the years go by, there are in the happy valley—his “New Helvetia”—orchards, and fields of golden grain, and immense herds of cattle whose home-coming bells fill the soft gloaming with music.

Yet—so strange are the yearnings of men—Sutter, as he looks upon his great herds, in his heart hears again the silvery notes of his Alpine horn faintly echoing from mountain to mountain, as he heard them when in his boyhood days he called the cattle home.

Other men have come now to his happy valley—other men have planted fields of grain, which will, next summer, ripple as a golden sea—and the grist thereof must be ground.

So Sutter selects a spot upon his vast estate, about fifty miles away from the fort, where there is fine water-power in a stream plunging down a mountain side, and sends for a man to *build for him a mill. . . .*

Strange stories of the far western country had floated back to the East in the early days after the purchase of Louisiana—tales of a salt mountain one hundred miles long, and of great stretches of desert—“like the Sahara” it was said to be, and evidently designed as a barrier to human settlement! Buffalo might—and did—live there, and wild goats and prairie dogs, but—man? Never!

Yet the Anglo-Saxon yearning for land is hard to stifle and directly expeditions are sent to the far West in the hope that they may find conditions less bad than they had been pictured.

Of these expeditions Frémont, Colonel of United States Engineers—later known as the “Pathfinder”—is to be captain. Kit Carson, grandson of Daniel Boone, famous hunter and trapper, and “prince of frontiersmen” and true to his friends as the needle to the pole, is to be the guide and scout.

The grand old “Columbus of the Land” having opened a pathway to millions of his fellowmen may indeed no longer lead the westward march, but his sons and grandsons, taking up the trail, follow the shining lure of the sunset and, in a sense, carry “Boone’s trace” over the western mountains to the very entrance to the Golden Gate!

Thrilling adventures they had and many hairbreadth escapes; perils and hardships in plenty, and in the end the reward of convincing the country that the dismally talked of Great Desert was capable of supporting human inhabitants.

The states of Kansas and Nebraska, of Oklahoma and the Dakotas now bear witness of the truthfulness of their reports!

In the meantime there is much excitement in the country over the question of a war with Mexico, for the Mexicans, having driven out their Spanish masters, are now lords of the southern provinces—save Texas, which, settled mainly by Americans, has lately been “annexed” by the United States.

It is indeed the western boundary of Texas which seems to be making all the trouble.

No American is proud of this war with Mexico, and we are glad to remember that a burning protest against it was made by a young lawyer whom we proudly know now as the "first American" and the chief—Abraham Lincoln.

Nevertheless, the war went on.

The Pathfinder and his company coming at this time into California, found the American settlers in revolt against the Mexican Government.

There was, consequently, need of communication with our Government at Washington. *Now*, almost while a man is thinking in California his thoughts may be known in Washington—but not so then!

Frémont, looking eastward, tries to calculate the length of time necessary to get a despatch to the President. He knows the long journey well—the desert, the mountains, and after that the old Santa Fé trail to a little trading post and village called Kansas—thence more speedy progress to Washington.

Scorching heat and thirst and hunger—savage Apaches and Comanches—every hardship and danger of the way, he knows—and so, far better, does his scout, Kit Carson, know them—who, notwithstanding, offers to carry the despatch to Washington, and promises to deliver it to the President in sixty days.

He reaches Santa Fe on time—having worn out thirty mules in doing it—and finds the old Spanish town occupied by United States troops. General Kearney, who is in command, intercepts his message and gives him a reply to take back to Frémont, who, in the meantime, has run up upon *Sutter's Fort*

the "bear flag" of the Americans, and there the red grizzly bids defiance to Mexico!

Presently, when the war ends, the Stars and Stripes, in place of the bear flag, wave from Sutter's Fort, and Spanish rule in California is at an end.

It was soon after these happenings that Sutter sent a man named John Marshall to build the mill—previously mentioned.

One morning Marshall, needing to enlarge the race, turns into it an immense force of water. Later he turns off the water, and in the crevices left by it he notices *shining yellow particles*. Carelessly, but with intense inward excitement, he stoops and gathers a little of the sparkling sand. Directly, he appears at the fort, fifty miles away, and demands to see Sutter alone, so the two men withdraw to Sutter's private office and, with door locked and barred, make sure beyond a question that the yellow particles are truly, gold.

And so at last was captured by the Western Sea that will-o'-the-wisp, which had dazzled the eye of the Spaniard all the long way from Florida, ever flickering just beyond his reach.

And so was Eldorado found—but not by the Spaniard.

Sutter and Marshall tried in vain to keep their mighty secret. A workman found it out and at once the news ran like wildfire—rather, it flew on the wings of the wind, north and south and east and west almost to the ends of the earth.

And men by the thousands and tens of thousands poured into California.

Alas! for Sutter's fair pastoral country, the happy valley and the tinkling music of the cowbells!

For all were lost in the mad rush for gold.

Presently in eastern cities appeared men booted and spurred and bristling with enormous pistols and bowie—or other—knives, ready for “California.” In the shipyards every old hulk that could be laid hold of was patched up for the voyage around “the Horn.”

And over the Mississippi and out on the billowing grasses of the prairies hundreds of white-covered “schooners” made their slow way along. West of the Mississippi there sprang up great outfitting stations for these long caravans.

The newspapers of the West were in most cases no more, for editors, typesetters and printers’ devils had with one accord left for the “diggings,” but every newspaper of the East contained “California” editorials and advertisements of vessels ready to sail to Panama or the Horn, and also of wagon trains about to start for the plains.

And in every town all over the country people reading these editorials and advertisements straightway caught the gold fever.

In a certain town in Ohio little else but gold was talked or thought of, and many of its people made up their minds to “sell out” and go to California. They needed only a leader and guide, and it interests us to recognize in the man chosen the son of one of our old friends—the “J’s,” who came over the Wilderness Road and down the Ohio, years ago.

This is the third time, but not the last, that we shall meet on these western plains a descendant of those Quaker pioneers to the Yadkin, whom long ago we saw setting out from friend Haworth’s farmhouse. For once a pioneer always a pioneer—it is in the blood.

There were three possible routes across the plains—by the Oregon trail, the Santa Fé trail, and—straight ahead over the prairies!

Dr. Wright chose the first of these and presently a long line of oxen drawing white wagons plods slowly up the trail.

But there was, unfortunately, on this journey no little “J” to keep a daily record. The little girl would have had much to write about; there was, for instance, the day that there were heard roarings, as of the surf of the sea, which grew louder and louder, and nearer—and presently the startled travelers saw bearing directly down upon them an enormous number of buffalo. They thought their day had come—if indeed they were able to think at all—when suddenly the herd parted in the middle, and the thousands of hoofs thundered by to the right and the left, and the caravan, almost smothered with dust, but otherwise unharmed, dragged slowly on its weary way.

There were the days—three in succession—when they had to wait, while another herd crossed their trail—thousands upon thousands there were with “necks like thunder,” and they traveled—like Jacob—in “bands”—first the great leader and other full-grown strong bulls, then the cows and calves, lastly the young bulls, whose wild impulses to leave the rear and march in front were held in check by the sharp horns and mighty heads of the older ones, who thus prodded them back to their proper places.

There were days, O many days! when the men and the oxen were thirsty almost to the point of death; there was the day when in the dim light of the early morning they were attacked

by Indians, and there was the awful day when, in the midst of a driving blizzard from the north, even the cool-headed leader became bewildered and they lost the trail.

But they did not turn back—none ever turn back who set out for gold,—and at last after months of every kind of suffering, they came over the South Pass and reached the Great Salt Lake, where were the settlements of the Latter Day Saints—otherwise known as Mormons—and the Mormons were strongly opposed to letting the Gentiles through!

It was a perilous and an exciting time but by great diplomacy the leader managed to procure some supplies—for which he paid fabulous prices—for the coming long march through the desert.

They turned at last into Sutter's one-time solitary valley—but it was not solitary now—and came to the "diggings," their journey's end.

Tens of thousands were there before them, tens of thousands were now on their way, and soon every stream was traced back to its mountain source, every nook and cranny searched, every wild scramble was made for gold, gold, gold, "by the good and the bad and the very bad," and of the latter there was a very great number.

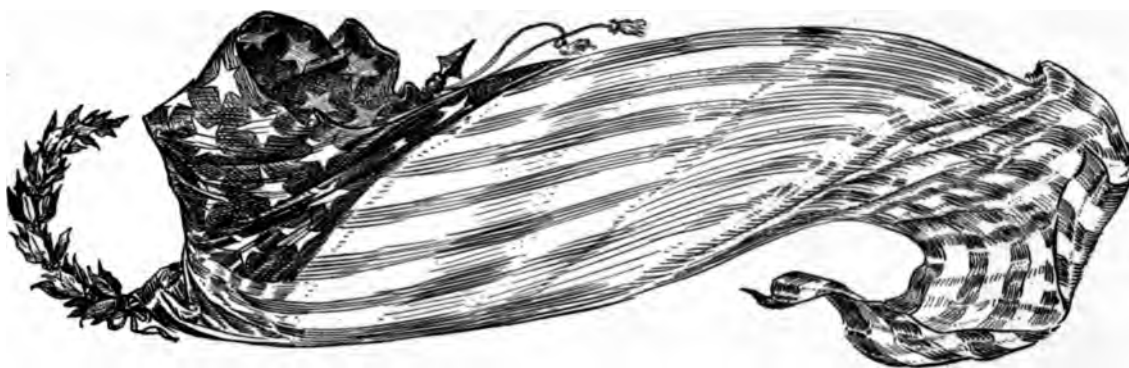
The laws were not obeyed—there were in fact no laws in the country and no officers to enforce them if there had been.

As time went on, the conditions of crime and of danger to life became intolerable and led to the formation of Vigilance Committees, who made themselves a court of justice, gave all accused persons at least a form of trial, and punished them if guilty—as generally they were found to be. The president of

the first Vigilance Committee was the leader of the Ohio caravan of the "J's"—Dr. Isaac Sumner Wright, son of Joshua, whose courage he inherited,—along with his *wanderlust*.

Time and the gold fever and the incoming of population continued, and presently there gathered in California a great convention to draw up a constitution for the State. This constitution prohibited slavery.

So our line from east to west dipped southward, and added to the *free* States, California the beautiful.



CHAPTER IX.

THE WINNING OF THE PRIZE

On the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains where, in a golden-green forest, is the very heart of silence and solitude, a hunter's camp-fire sends up a thin line of smoke. It rises above the tree tops—straight up into the deepest and bluest of blue skies.

The hunter is just now cooking venison for his supper, and, noticing a sudden stir in the branches above him, he lifts his eyes—blue eyes they are, honest and kindly, and most surprisingly like the well-remembered eyes of our old friend, Daniel Boone!

Yet the likeness need not surprise us, for as it happens, the hunter is Daniel Boone's grandson, and his camp-fire in the Rockies is said to be the first ever kindled by white man on this spot—the site of the present city of Denver.

A solitary man indeed is he—though not for long.

For, presently, the intense stillness of the far-reaching forest is shattered by the noise of many camps, and wild excitement reigns, for here in the eastern Rockies, where long

years ago Coronado and his Spaniards had hopelessly abandoned their long search for treasure, has been fulfilled the promise of the Indians in a rich finding of silver and gold.

The word "gold" goes forth, and instantly from all settlements on the frontier, and later, when the flying news reached the East, from almost every town and city, men, half crazed with the desire for gold, hurry to the mines. There are men on horseback, in prairie schooners, in farm-wagons—or perchance, dragging behind them in a cart their worldly all, or pushing it before them in a wheelbarrow!

Gold and silver they find in plenty, but food is scarce, and to obtain it they are willing to pay any price, and presently long lines of pack-mules, and heavy "freighters" drawn by many yoke of oxen hasten at top speed over the plains, carrying supplies for the miners. Directly appear the "Overland" mail stages and the "Pony Express," which by numerous relays and quick changes, make astonishingly rapid progress over plain and desert and mountain.

Lying in wait for them—or, mounted on swift ponies, following in hot pursuit—are bands of savage Pawnees, or Apaches or Comanches, and sometimes the next pony relay waits in vain for the messenger; sometimes a riderless horse gallops into camp; or, sometimes—but never may be told all the tragic story of the trail. There was, indeed, in these ferocious times, one brief lull, when the white man's life was safe. It was the year when Colonel A. G. Boone, solitary hunter of the Rockies, and grandest of mountaineers, was Indian agent for the United States Government, for great was his influence over the red man!

After the finding of the mineral wealth in the mountains there came other discoveries in regard to the western country—for instance, it was found out that where prairie grass could grow, corn and other grains would flourish; and it was surmised that on this same prairie grass, which for long ages had fed the strength of hundreds of thousands of buffalo, cattle and pigs might thrive!

And *now*, we see once more our America! for in the white wagons coming in streams across the plains of Kansas and Nebraska are the bright faces of little children. It is good to watch them after seeing so long the strained and anxious countenances of the wild seekers after gold.

And presently in the summer breezes wave great fields of silvery oats, and billowy seas of golden wheat—happier riches than those of the mines, for they signify homes and schools and churches and multitudes of happy children, where but lately was only the “Great American Desert.”

Among those who were beginning to see possibilities of home-making in the far-away and dismally pictured Nebraska country was a young man living in a certain town of Michigan, who eagerly gathered all the information he could get hold of.

What he learned was not encouraging. There were said to be great sandy reaches of barren lands on which, it was admitted, grass grew every spring—with commendable perseverance at least—but it was burned off in summer by annual or semi-annual prairie fires.

Moreover, it was a desperately level country (some even called it flat) stretching away and away and away until it was

lost in the horizon. There was not a tree to be seen and precious little water, and first, last, and always and everywhere, it was "the Indian's own country," and they were always on the war-path and generally emitting the war-whoop.

The young man did not mind these things—so much—for himself, but it was a little difficult to tell them honestly to a certain soft-eyed and golden-haired young lady, for, when it came to no water or to those ubiquitous and whooping Indians she *might* say "No!"

But he did tell her all the unusual attributes of the far country to which he was going—no trees, no flowers, no water—Apaches, Pawnees, Cheyennes, in superabundance—and she, answering, said with smiling eyes and lips, "Whither *thou* goest, *I* will go," or words to that effect.

But he did not know with what anticipatory homesickness the words "no trees," "no flowers," "no water," struck to her heart, and if there were tears in the soft eyes when she walked in her garden bidding farewell to her plants—why, perhaps he did not know that either; but he did perceive that on the long journey out to the new home his wife was especially solicitous in regard to one rather ungainly package, and that of all the many mishaps that befell it the only one which did not worry her was its falling into the water! which—in company with all the rest of their belongings—it did, more than once.

Traveling by many vehicles of diverse kinds, but amazingly alike in their extremity of uncomfortableness, Ruth and Boaz, as we may call them, reached at last the Missouri River, and in a queer little boat made the last stage of their

journey—the humpy and mysterious package meanwhile receiving sundry surreptitious dippings in the water.

There happened to be some water in the bottom of the boat, and Ruth several times called Boaz's attention to a bundle of poles standing with one end in the water getting badly soaked. "It won't hurt 'em," he said carelessly, and left them standing—whereat Ruth wondered.

They finally land on the Nebraska side of the river, and find their "quarter-section."

Standing in its center they view the prospect o'er, though at first there seems indeed to be nothing to look at, but as they gaze—each trying to think of something cheery and hopeful to say to the other—the drab-colored prairie widens and widens, the horizon sweeps farther away, and the sky deepens until they seem to stand—alone—in the midst of a vast universe, and the brave lady of the soft eyes tries not to realize that in all this, their universe, there is not a tree, nor a flower, nor a shadow,—unless it be that of a flying cloud; and in the utter stillness, there is not even a tinkle of water or the twitter of a bird! (or happily, the din of the war-whoop). And it is now that Boaz finds something to say—and do.

There is water though, when they learn where to look for it, and when they plant things, how they grow! For from the queer-shaped package came rose-cuttings and slips and seeds of many plants from Ruth's garden, brought all the long way as a surprise for Boaz, and the bundle of poles, carried by Boaz as a surprise for Ruth, leafed out and budded into apple and pear and peach and cherry trees. "He who plants a tree plants faith!"

Near this baby orchard they built their first cabin and transplanted cottonwoods from the river bank to shade it,—and so grew the little home on the prairie.

They move into a frame house after awhile, and later they build a spacious mansion. Around it are soft wavings of sunlight and shadow, and above, on swaying maple branches, birds pour forth their song. The spirit of the mountain sighs in tall fir trees, and in solemn pines sounds the call of the sea. All the way along the approach to the house are flower beds and rose gardens, planted by Ruth and her children.

And as Ruth loves flowers, so does Boaz love trees. Because he planted trees others planted them, and in time it came to pass that on one day in one year a million trees were planted in Nebraska, and “he who plants a tree plants hope!”

That was the first “Arbor Day”—and now every year on “Arbor Day” all over our country, bright-faced boys and girls plant trees and sing “America!” “He who plants a tree plants love!”—love of home and country, and of those who in time to come shall rest in their shadow, and delight in their beauty and listen to their music of softly pattering rain-drops, of stirring leaves and of bird-song.

And all because of the undismayed heart of the soft-eyed lady, who made the “desert” of Nebraska to blossom as the rose, and where in place of the thorn grew up by her planting the fir tree!

Now flocked the settlers to this fertile country, and corn-fields rustled in the breeze, wheatfields became wider and wider and immense herds and droves of cattle and sheep wandered on the range.

There was urgent need now for more transportation facilities than could be supplied by freighters and pack-trains.

Presently, iron rails push westward from Omaha over the prairies, and eastward from San Francisco across the mountains, and on a great day for our country they meet and are joined in Utah.

So now communication is complete from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific.

(And now also is attained at last a quick passage to India "by water," indeed, but by water with its force intensified!)

When the railroad is finished, there is another great migration, for more than ever is America the land of opportunity, and her glad message of hope rings ever over the sea.

And now steamship after steamship comes from Europe bringing immigrants, whose goal is the great new country of the Northwest.

The "Great American Desert" disappeared, and in its place arose most fertile and prosperous states, but on our maps are still the lands of the sage brush and the cactus—our "arid" lands.

But this barren land brought forth abundantly when Indians, and after them Mormons, led water through it, and from them we learned something of the possibilities of irrigation. Presently, into the glare of scorching sands and the shimmering of intense heat flowed life-giving waters from afar, bringing cool shade of wide-stretching trees and abundance of refreshing fruits.

In coming years the great arid land will become the

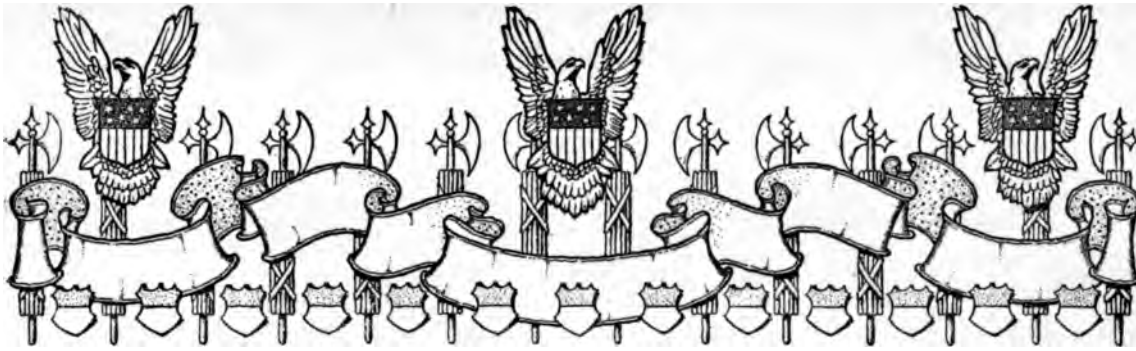
gardens of the earth, and its desert stillness will be broken by the voices of children and the sounds of happy homes.

There was a time—but it was long ago—when our country had many, many days of terrible suffering and loss. When the suffering was over it was found that through it that long line across the land from east to west had been rubbed out—for the slavery of men was ended.

There can be now no “North” and no “South,” and, indeed, no East or West; for our country is one, and its center is in our hearts.

The prize was won—not by the Spanish banner, meaning bondage in religion and the enslaving of men; not by the French lilies, signifying feudalism and the smothering of the mind of man; not by the banner of St. George, implying the reign of king or queen; but by the *flag of America*, the symbol of free religion and free schools for all the people, free thought, free speech and a free press; of unflinching courage and invincible will, and boundless energy of hand and brain; of freedom in making the laws and fidelity in keeping them; offering hope to the hopeless and liberty to the oppressed; affirming now and forever, faith in God and love to man.

Such was the winning of the fair world on the Western Sea! and so floats in the sweet and crystal air of America our flag—the red, the white and the blue!



CHAPTER X.

THE FARTHER GOAL

Afar off—it is as though an ocean lay between—is a fair and charming country.

It is a land of entrancing beauty, for in it the greed of men no longer spoils the handiwork of God.

Rich forests grow again upon the mountains. The rains fall softly, filling the water-springs, and silver rivers flow grandly to the sea, their sparkling waters brimming with health and strength for the people.

The life-giving air is crystal clear and a vitalizing sunshine bathes all the land; but it flickers now through the shade of trees, and in place of scorching sands are cool green fields and orchards of refreshing fruits; in one-time gray and silent deserts are roses and singing birds and happy homes.

In this land are cities busy and cheerful; where every workman has opportunity to do the best that is in him to do, and labor is a delight. It is a land of bounding health and

energy, for health is contagious and is caught from the spirit of courage and faith and hope.

No sounds of suffering come to us from this fair country for in it cruelty has ceased. There is no pitiful sobbing of little children, no sharp clamor of hatred and revenge, no shrill cries of terror startle the air.

And no sounds as of clanking chains come over the sea, for in this land is Freedom of body, mind and spirit, and glorious Liberty for every man and woman and child.

Because in this fair country the love of gold and of self no longer rules the hearts of men, and in its place is love to God and man.

Far away still—as in a soft golden mist—shines this country of our hope. Still rolls between an ocean of years. Yet to those who have eyes to see, out on the far horizon distant pinnacles sparkle above the golden mist.

We must be drawing nearer; for clearer and clearer sound the full-toned bells, sweeter and sweeter are their soft chimings.

One day, we shall touch this farther goal, and in the softly pealing bells we shall hear the ringing laughter and blithe singing of happy children in this radiant new world of love—our fair America!

ACHIEVEMENT

“Who shall assign limits to the achievements of free minds and free hands?”

**A KEY TO
THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW**

**A KEY TO
THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW**

ACHIEVEMENT

A Bird's-Eye View of the March of Civilization across America.

The series of maps shows each advancing stage of the frontier as it moves westward; the retirement before it of savagery, and rapidly following it, the coming up of the forces of industry, Christianity and education. The dates at the top of each map give the period of time covered by it.

FIRST MAP. 1513-1663 A. D.

The first map shows the vast wilderness to be subdued by the forces of civilization, and the heroic beginning of this work by the first pioneers—with the help only of ax and gun.

The Shadow Ships—Belonging to an earlier date, denote the discovery of America and the foundation of England's claim to it.

Ship of the Northmen—Nova Scotia, 1002. Model of this ship and of Columbus' ships were sent over by Norway and Spain for the World's Fair, Chicago, 1894.

Columbus' Ships—The *Pinto*, the *Niña* and the *Santa Maria*, 1492.

John Cabot's ship—At Newfoundland, 1498. Ship of Americus Vesputius, 1499.

Ship of Ponce de Leon—At St. Augustine, 1513.

Drake's Ship in the Pacific—1579. Admiral Drake was the first Englishman to sail around the world, and the first to defy Spain's claim to "the whole of the Pacific Ocean, and lands adjacent thereto." He landed in California and set up England's banner there. Nine years later (1588) he helped to defeat the Spanish Armada, thus bringing to an end the supremacy of Spain on the sea.

Ships of the Jamestown Colony—The *God Speed*, the *Discovery*, and the *Susan Constant*, 1607.

But for Captain John Smith, the Jamestown colony might have shared the fate of the "lost colony of Roanoke." The first Jamestown colonists were all men.

Henry Hudson's ship, the *Half Moon*, Manhattan, 1609.

Holland sent a "Half Moon"—an exact copy of the original ship—to the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, New York, September, 1909.

First slave ship to America, the *Treasurer*; on way from Africa, 1619.

The *Mayflower*—At Plymouth, 1620.

Types of later Colonists' Ships—Atlantic Ocean—1620-1663.

NOTE: A bell near a log cabin denotes a school house. Notice difference of trees in north and south; and varieties of Indian habitations.

SECOND MAP. 1663-1780.

In the second map the frontier advances over the Alleghany Mountains, and down the Ohio. The pioneers by land traveled on foot or on horseback, their goods and chattels being moved by pack-trains; by water, the first conveyances were canoes and flatboats.

Maine—Ship-building, Maine's earliest industry, save fishing.

Massachusetts—"Old North" Church.

"He watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church.
And lo! as he looks on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

.
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Massachusetts—Printing-press. (*First* printing press in North America, Massachusetts, 1636.)

New York—King's College (now Columbia).

Pennsylvania—Franklin and his kite.

Delaware—The National Flag, first carried to battle at Cooch's Bridge, Sept. 3, 1777.

Virginia—Mt. Vernon.

Virginia—William and Mary College.

Virginia—Cotton-gin (see next map also). Tobacco fields.

Florida—Spanish church at St. Augustine.

Pennsylvania—Blockhouse at Erie, built to defend the Allegheny River.

Kentucky and Tennessee—Blockhouse. Instance of a distinctively American style of architecture, necessary in all our new settlements.

Ohio River—Flatboat.

NOTE: Spinning-wheels, indicating "age of homespun."

THIRD MAP. 1780-1800.

The third frontier reached up into the old Northwest, some daring souls even crossing the Mississippi to the prairies on the other side. All kinds of vehicles were used, the Conestoga wagon and flatboats being very popular.

New England in general, village settlement, and home industries.

Maine—Ship-building.

Massachusetts—Church and school.

New York—Trinity Church; stage-coach.

The first railroads (of wood) were made for stage-coaches.

Pennsylvania—State house at Philadelphia.

Delaware—Fitch's steamboat on the Delaware, 1790.

Fitch's boat ran between Philadelphia and Trenton regularly for four months, but was taken off for want of financial support.

District of Columbia—First Capitol. The National Capitol was begun in Washington in 1800.

Virginia—Arlington

Virginia—Cotton-gin, 1793.

Invented by Eli Whitney of Massachusetts. The removal of the seeds from cotton was now easy and cheap, and cotton became a most profitable crop.

FOURTH MAP. 1800-1830.

The fourth map shows great improvement in the East and increased settlement in the West, the frontier line extending now to Texas, Arkansas and Nebraska.

Atlantic Ocean—The *Savannah*, first steamship to Europe, 1819.

The wood needed for fuel filled up almost all the hold, leaving no room for cargo; the paddle-wheels were constructed so that they might be hauled in on deck in

case of a storm. Twice at sea the *Savannab* was thought to be a ship on fire, and was pursued by a schooner.

Maine—Fort Western.

Massachusetts—Horse railroad (wooden rails), cod-fishing.

New York—Fulton's *Clermont*. Made first trip from New York City to Albany, August, 1807.

When Fulton ran the *Clermont* from New York to Albany and back, practical steam navigation began. In 1808 a line of steamboats ran up and down the Hudson.

A new *Clermont*—an exact copy of the original—formed a part of the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

New York—Erie Canal, 363 miles long, 1825.

Called "Clinton's big ditch," from its chief promoter, DeWitt Clinton. Finished in 1825, when a fleet of boats went through the canal from Buffalo to the Hudson, down the Hudson, and out into New York Bay. Here fresh water, brought in a keg from Lake Erie, was poured into the salt water of the Atlantic. Packet boats carried passengers at the rate of four miles an hour.—*McMaster*.

New York—Gas works.

Dingy street lamps of oil were now giving way to gas-lights.

Pennsylvania—Factories.

The invention and introduction of machinery was a characteristic of this period.

Maryland—First locomotive, 1827.

First steam railroad ran from Baltimore to Washington.

"The first railroads in America were built without the technical training needed to solve the profound engineering problems involved, without material to work with or money or credit to buy it, and even without a remote conception of what a railroad should be. In spite of all these difficulties those pioneers wrought cheerfully on, the only complaint they ever uttered being on account of their inability to build more railroads."—*Carter*.

District of Columbia—Improved Capitol.

Virginia—Old Capitol.

Ohio—Oberlin College (39 colleges, theological seminaries and universities had been founded before 1820).

Ohio—Railroad from Toledo to Adrian, Mich., 1836.

Illinois—Fort Dearborn, now Chicago; cow (*prophetic*).

Texas—The Alamo, carried by storm in war between Mexico and Texas, and all its defenders shot.

NOTE: The disappearance of the spinning-wheel, and the beginning of the factory age.

NOTE: The extension of plantations in the South and across the Mississippi, even into Texas and Arkansas.

FIFTH MAP. 1830-1850.

In the fifth map civilization begins to come eastward from the Pacific, while at the same time it makes long and rapid strides westward from the Atlantic.

The discovery of gold draws a large population to California, and leads to an immense transportation business over the plains. Note specially the Oregon and the Santa Fé trails, Pike's Peak and fort, and the mining of gold in the Black Hills.

The Atlantic Ocean—First steamship line, *Cunard*, 1839. "Great Eastern"; first propeller steamer; clipper ship; brig; last slave ship, the *Martha*, 1852.

Maine—Ship-building.

Maine—Home of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

New Hampshire—Factories.

Massachusetts—State Capitol; sewing machine, invented by Elias Howe, 1846.

A lock-stitch machine was invented in 1834 by a man named Hunt, but was not successful. Howe's machine was followed within four years by seven others. Sewing machines were put to use in factories in 1862.

New York—General Theological Seminary; Genesee Falls, Rochester; railroad train (from New York to St. Louis).

Pennsylvania—Coal mining.

Anthracite coal was now coming into use in the large towns and cities. Grate and coal stoves were beginning to displace open fires and wood stoves; gas was also being introduced in place of candles and lamps.

Maryland—Roman Catholic Cathedral; telegraph from Baltimore to Washington, 1844.

Morse offered to sell his patent to the Government, but the Postmaster-General reported that the telegraph was merely an interesting experiment and could never have a practical value, so the offer was not accepted. Within ten years some forty telegraph companies were in operation in the most populous states.—*McMaster*.

Virginia—St. John's Church.

North Carolina—Davidson College.

South Carolina—Turpentine still.

Florida—Slave market; sugar mill.

Alabama—University of Alabama.

Mississippi—Cotton.

South in General—Cotton, sugar, tobacco.

West Virginia—Bethany College (Chapel).

Ohio—"Two-horn" church at Marietta.

Ohio—Old State House at Columbus.

Illinois—Lincoln's old mill near New Salem. Lincoln's first public speech was made at New Salem.

Illinois—Lincoln's home at Springfield.

Illinois—Jubilee College, Peoria.

Illinois—Steamboat on Ohio River.

There were steamboats now on all the rivers as far west as the Missouri, also on the Lakes, between Chicago and Buffalo.

Indian Territory, 1834.

One result of the rapid westward movement of population was the crowding of the Indians from their lands. It seemed best, therefore, to set apart a region west of the Mississippi and to move all the Indians there as quickly as possible. In 1834 such a region was set apart and the work of removal began.—*McMaster*.

Michigan—Old City Hall, Detroit.

Michigan—The beginning of lumbering.

The Northwest—Lumbering, stock and grain, and reapers. The great grain fields were made possible by the horse reaper invented by Cyrus McCormick in 1845.

The West—The Oregon trail.

At first it was only a few trappers who sifted through the mountains into the Oregon country, but soon a line of dust hovering in the air marked from afar the Oregon trail.—*E. C. Semple*.

The West—The old Santa Fé trail.

The great wagon trade of the Santa Fé trail dates from 1824, when a company of eighty traders succeeded in getting safely through from St. Louis to Santa Fe with twenty-five wheeled vehicles containing about thirty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad track substantially follows the old trail through the mountains.—*Inman*.

New Mexico—Old Santa Fé.

The old Spanish city founded in 1601 was the capital of the mission. Within a few years fifty missions, giving instructions to over ninety Indian towns and villages, had been established. "The Spaniard found he could best conquer the Indian by 'converting' him."

California—Gold discovered January, 1848.

Colorado—Pike's Peak and fort.

Wyoming—Fort.

The Southwest—Cotton, sugar, cattle raising.

SIXTH MAP. 1850-1880.

The achievement of railroads is the great feature of the sixth map. Notice also bridges and steamboats, the far reaching range, the Indians still at large, the vanishing of the frontier line, and the many educational institutions beyond the Mississippi River.

The Atlantic—Improvement in ocean steamers, from side-wheel and sails to the modern style.

Maine—University of Maine at Orono.

Vermont—Episcopal Institute, Burlington.

Massachusetts—Cambridge.

New York—Statue of Liberty, 1885.

In 1885, the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World was formally received at New York. It was a gift from the people of France to the people of America. A hundred thousand Frenchmen contributed the money for the statue, and the pedestal was built with money raised in the United States. An island in New York Harbor was chosen for the site, and there the statue was unveiled in October, 1886. The top of Liberty's torch is 305 feet above low water.—*McMaster*.

New York—The Roebling Suspension Bridge—known as the Brooklyn Bridge—over the East River at New York.

New York—Cornell. Dudley Observatory at Albany.

New Jersey—Rutger's College, New Brunswick.

Pennsylvania—Carnegie Library at Allegheny City.

District of Columbia—The Washington Monument.

Virginia—Washington and Lee University.

West Virginia—West Virginia University, Morgantown.

North Carolina—Memorial Hall, University of North Carolina; turpentine still.

Georgia—Marble quarry.

Alabama—State House, Montgomery; Anniston, St. Michael's and All Angels.

Mississippi—Mississippi College.

Florida—Old Gate at St. Augustine; phosphate beds, Dunnellon.

Kentucky—Kentucky University.

Tennessee—University of the South.

Ohio—Marietta College; natural gas wells at Findlay.

Ohio—Roebling Suspension Bridge at Cincinnati.

Michigan—Michigan University; lumbering.

Indiana—De Pauw University.



Illinois—Chicago, Pullman car; buildings in Chicago.
 Iowa—Chautauqua University; Congregational Church; steam plow.
 Missouri—Ead's Bridge, St. Louis; University of Missouri, Columbia.
 Arkansas—Little Rock University; First Baptist Church, Little Rock.
 Louisiana—Stern-wheel steamboat.
 Texas—Oak Cliff University; cotton, lumber, sugar mills; long-horned cattle on the range.
 Indian Territory—Civilized Indians.
 Nebraska—Hastings College.
 South Dakota—School for Deaf Mutes at Sioux Falls
 North Dakota—University of North Dakota.
 Wyoming—Geyser and Hot Springs.
 Montana—Fort and mining.
 Utah—Salt Lake City—Completion of first transcontinental railroad.
 The tracks were joined on May 10, 1869, the superintendents of the two roads putting into place the last tie, which was of California laurel, polished. The spikes used were—one of gold, iron, and silver from Arizona; one of silver from Nevada, and one of gold from California. The last named was driven home with a silver sledge which was connected with the wires of the telegraph line. The strokes were heard in many telegraph offices all over the country.
 The locomotives in the apparent but not real "head-on collision" were the "Jupiter," of the Central Pacific, and "No. 116," of the Union Pacific.
 (For fine account of this and of other early railroads read Carter's "When Railroads Were New.")
 Arizona—Grand Cañon; Indian forts and fighting.

SEVENTH MAP. TO-DAY.

As the first map indicated what lay before the pioneers *to do* in taming the wild country and wilder men—so the seventh map shows that mighty task magnificently *done*.

Notice the many lines of achievement—agricultural, industrial, educational, humanitarian.

Necessarily much must be omitted in such limited space, but notice four transcontinental railroads, the telegraph, the trolley, and in each State, special industrial and educational development.

Atlantic Ocean—The *Mauretania* of the Cunard Line, having four smokestacks; notice “wireless” attachments (compare with first *Cunarder* in fifth map); recently built warships and torpedo boat at Hampton Roads.

Nova Scotia—Marconi wireless telegraph station.

Maine—Bowdoin College; the Hall of Science; ship-building.

New Hampshire—Quarry; Dartmouth College.

Vermont—University of Vermont.

Massachusetts—Boston Public Library; telephone.

Connecticut—Yale University.

New York—“Flatiron” Building; the Hudson Tunnels (out of sight), opened Feb., 1909.

New Jersey—Electric light; Princeton College.

Delaware—Fruit.

Pennsylvania—Gettysburg Battlefield; Pennsylvania College; mining and oil.

Virginia—University of Virginia; Roanoke College; ship-building, Portsmouth.

West Virginia—Bethany College; mining.

North Carolina—University of North Carolina; tar-making.

South Carolina—St. Paul’s Church; cotton mills.

Georgia—Telfair Art Gallery; University of Georgia.

Florida—Capitol; John B. Stetson University at Deland; railroad to Key West; sugar and cotton; Palm Beach.

Alabama—Southern University; first White House of the Confederacy; stock raising and sugar plantation; iron works.

Mississippi—University of Mississippi; cotton seed mills.

Tennessee—Vanderbilt University; Science Hall; “King Cotton”; iron mills.

Kentucky—Abbey at Gethsemane; cement works; stock raising.

Ohio—Ohio University; Buchtel College; the Ohio Sailors’ and Soldiers’ Home; oil, mining and mills.

Indiana—Purdue University; Electrical Laboratory; lumber, oil and wheat.

Michigan—Battle Creek College; Michigan University of Ann Arbor; lumbering and sawmills.

Illinois—Shurtleff College; largest locomotive—Chicago & Alton Railroad; mills, foundries and wheat.

Wisconsin—School at Oshkosh; Beloit College; grain elevators and wheat.

Minnesota—University of Minnesota; State Normal School at Moorhead; lumbering and wheat; elevators and mills.

Iowa—Iowa Agricultural College; steam reapers, etc.

Missouri—State Capitol; Iron Mountain Mills; stock. (Note trolley car. It is almost possible to cross the country by trolley.)

Arkansas—Arkansas Industrial University at Fayetteville; Ouachita College at Arkadelphia; lumber mills, cotton and stock.

Louisiana—Mills and plantations.

Texas—University of Texas at Austin; Post Office at San Antonio; City Hall at Fort Worth; oil well at Beaumont; church and mills at El Paso; sugar, cotton, lumber and stock.

Oklahoma—University of Oklahoma at Norman; wheat; steam plowing.

Indian Territory—Cherokee Capitol; Creek Council House, and Choctaw Council House.

Kansas—University of Kansas; oil and coal; harvesting alfalfa; corn, wheat and stock.

Nebraska—Government Building at Omaha; mills, grain and stock.

South Dakota—University of South Dakota; grain and stock; gold in the Black Hills; Indians.

North Dakota—University of North Dakota; stock and grain.

Montana—University of Montana at Missoula; College of Montana at Deer Lodge; gold mining and mills; lumbering and stock.

Idaho—Capitol at Boise City; steam reaper; grain and stock; lumber and mining.

Wyoming—University of Wyoming, Laramie; mining, lumber and stock.

Colorado—University of Colorado; mining and stock.

New Mexico—Ramona Indian School, Santa Fé; University of New Mexico at Albuquerque; Hadley Science Hall; lumber, mills and stock.

Arizona—Grand Cañon; automobile; State Capitol; Phoenix; University of Arizona; Tucson; stock, grain, lumber, etc.

Utah—Tabernacle at Salt Lake City; temples at Logan and Manti; stock and grain.

California—Ostrich ranches; fruit, stock, grain and lumber; Church of Santa Barbara; Capitol, Sacramento; Leland Stanford Junior University; air-ship.

Nevada—Capitol, Carson City; Nevada State University, Reno; mining, stock and grain.

Oregon—Capitol, Salem; Mount Hood; Cloud-Cap Inn; stock; salmon packing; grain elevator; grain and lumber.

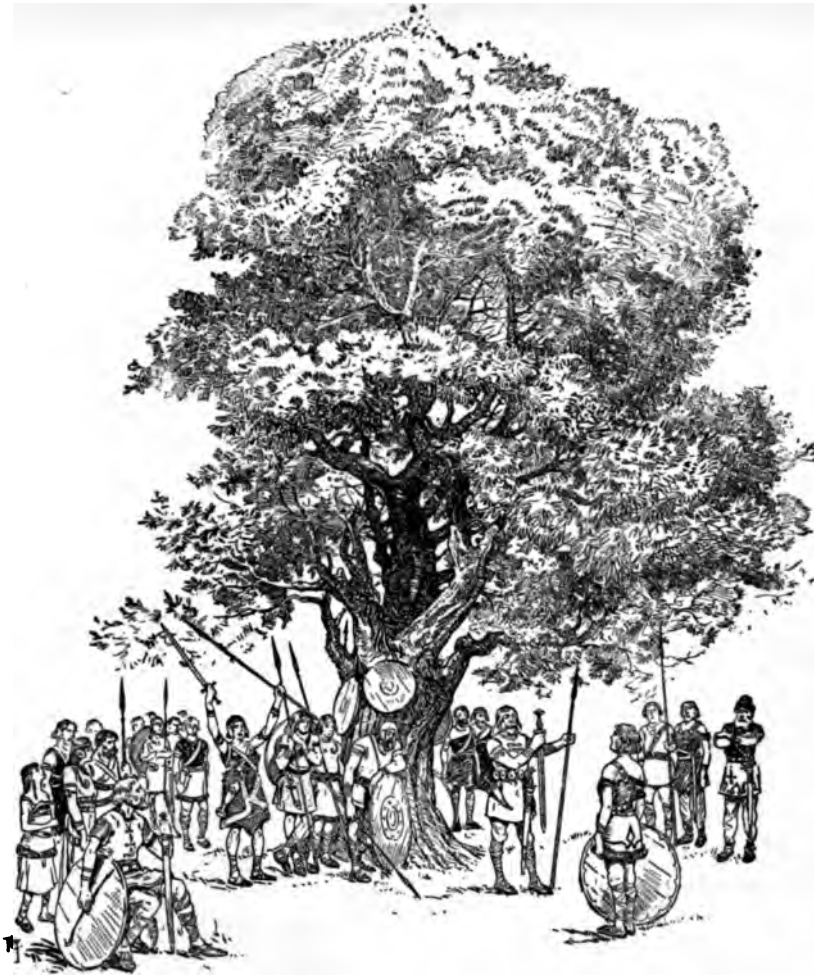
Washington—Capitol, Olympia; Chamber of Commerce, Tacoma; salmon packing; grain, stock and lumber.

Pacific Ocean—Steamers for Australia, China, Japan, etc.

LIBERTY

**“Through the ages
One eternal purpose runs.”**





THE SAXON TREE-MOOT, 400 A. D.

On a certain morning long ago, in a gray and misty land by the Northern Sea, a lad awoke with high heart of hope and pride. Last night, he thinks, he was merely the boy Hengst but to-day he is to receive the spear and the sword which proclaim him a free man of the people, a war-man, having right to the hunt, to a share in field and pasture and food and to a voice in the village *moot*, where the people order their own industries and make their own laws. He will have place, too, in the meeting of the hundred war-men; and in

great folk-moot, the general muster of all the freemen of the land. A mighty tree stands in the center of the village; the elder-men give Hengest the spear and the sword, and he joins the men gathered about the tree for the town-moot. The priests proclaim silence; the chosen leader speaks; groups of freemen shake their spears in assent or disagreement, strike their spears on their swords in applause, and in the end settle matters by loud shouts of "Ay" and "Nay."

So was Freedom born, in that dark and solemn far-away land swept by the salt-sea winds, where sunless and gloomy forest met vast wastes of heather and sand; a shadowy land of long-ago, distant and gray; but looming through its fogs and mists, we see the sacred moot-tree, the men in armor, and the shaking lances; and almost we hear, across the long spaces, the clashing of the spears on the shields and the shouts of "Ay" and "Nay"—the voices of free men proclaiming their will, in the far-off fatherland of our America.

MAGNA CHARTA, 1215

A river flows slowly through fens and marshes down to the sea. At a point where wide meadows stretch out on either side, there is on a certain June day in the year 1215, great stir



and commotion, for here at Runnymede the king of England and the people are meeting to settle the fiercely fought question whether the king shall give back to the people that which he has taken from them, their free customs, their rights and their liberties, or the people will take the crown from the king.

The king, with his few supporters, is on one side of the river; the barons and their retainers are massed on the other. King John's courage is not great; and while the glories of the setting sun still flood the meadows and are reflected from the rosy waters, delegates from the king meet delegates from the barons upon an island in the middle of the river; and there the Great Charter of the people's rights is signed, confirming their ancient free customs—"the right to life and liberty, the right to property, whereby their powers are increased, and the right to law."

"NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION," 1265

"In the year 1265, two representatives from each city and borough, or town, together with two knights of the shire, or country gentlemen, were summoned to meet with the lords and clergy in the National Council or Parliament.

"Thus the legislative Assembly of the



people originated, and from this time *the people* had a voice in making the laws. Those who had neither land nor rank but who paid taxes on personal property only had at last obtained representation."

(This principle was maintained five hundred years later in the "VIRGINIA RESOLUTIONS" and in the STAMP-ACT CONGRESS.)

THE MAYFLOW COMPACT, 1620



"In the name of God, amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory



of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony

in the northern part of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th (the old style) of November, Anno Dom. 1620."



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL, 1636

"It was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of America was practically settled."—James Russell Lowell.

"The school-house is built of logs and furnished with rough seats. The master's table has on it a Bible and a choice and varied assortment of birch rods. The morning prayers over, the severe looking master calls the roll—all Bible names—Sarahs and Abigails and Mehitables; Zeruahs and Abiels—and woful is it if any pupils are tardy, or if they falter as they say the



alphabet and ‘a-b abs’ from the little hornbook—which looks like a hairbrush without any bristles. In place of the bristles is a queerly printed little slip of paper containing the alphabet and a few Bible verses. To preserve the precious bit of printing a thin sheet of horn is fastened over it. The children recite their lesson aloud—very loud—in unison, and the ear of the master is so trained that he can detect amid all the din the faltering or sudden silence of one voice. (Let us not think what then happens to the little owner of that voice.)”

The providing of these public schools was ordered by law and parents neglecting to send their children to them were heavily fined.

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS IN NORTH AMERICA, 1636

“One year after the first public school was established a printing press was set up at Cambridge in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Probably no other machine ever invented has done so much for the liberty of man as the printing press; and there was no other corner of the earth where the whole mass of the people would have held it with such a tight grip, at this time, as they would have done in New England if it had been proposed to take it from them.”



“The first book issued from the Cambridge press—*The Whole Book of Psalms Faithfully Translated into English Metre*—had the honor of being the *First Book* printed, as far as I can find, in the *Whole New World*.—*Prince*.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ORDERS OF CONNECTICUT, 1639

“Afar off in the wilderness of Connecticut were the little new settlements of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield. In January, 1639, all the freemen of the three towns assembled at Hartford and adopted a written constitution having the central thought that the foundation of authority is laid in



the free consent of the people. This was the first written constitution known to history. The little federal republic developed peacefully and normally, and silently grew till it became the strongest political structure on the continent. In the chief crisis of the Federal Convention in 1787 it played a controlling part. The Government of the United States is in lineal descent nearly related to that of Connecticut.”

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776

It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of men and that all should have an equal chance.—Abraham Lincoln.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The king has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has taken away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and, altering fundamentally, the forms of our government.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, in the name and by authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish com-



merce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BILL OF RIGHTS, 1780

“In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers, or either of them: the executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers or either of them: the judicial



shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers or either of them: TO THE END IT MAY BE A GOVERNMENT OF LAWS AND NOT OF MEN.

“The last ten words are the greatest words contained in any written constitutional document.”—Daniel Webster.

“THE ORDINANCE OF '87,” 1787

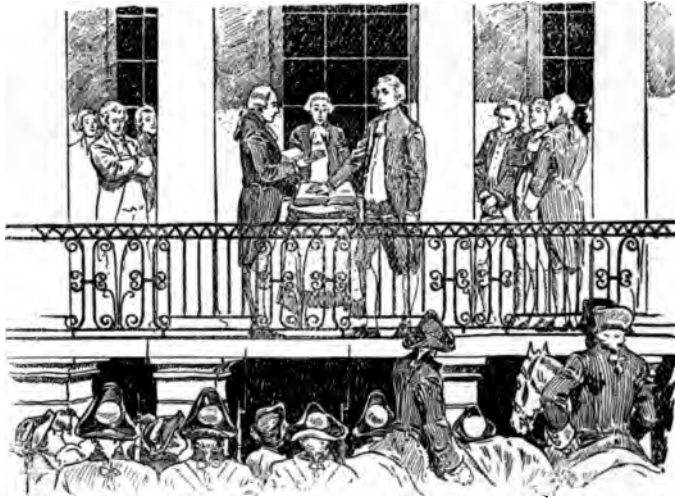
. . . . Extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis whereon these republics, their laws and constitutions are erected; to fix and establish those principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions and governments, which forever hereafter shall be formed in said territory; to provide also for the establishment of States and



their admission to a share in the Federal Councils on an equal footing with the original States. . . . No person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments in the said territory. . . . Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged. . . . There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, 1787

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America. . .



Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present, the seventeenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the twelfth. . . .

GO: WASHINGTON,
Presidt. and Deputy from Virginia.

ARTICLE IX: The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X: The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS, 1796

. . . . Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. . . . The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is the main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at



home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of the very liberty which you so highly prize. . . . This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its Laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty.

. . . . Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest Guardian. . . . Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. . . . Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. . . . Actuated by . . . fervent love towards my country I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free Government—the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours and dangers.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG, 1863

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men,

living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for



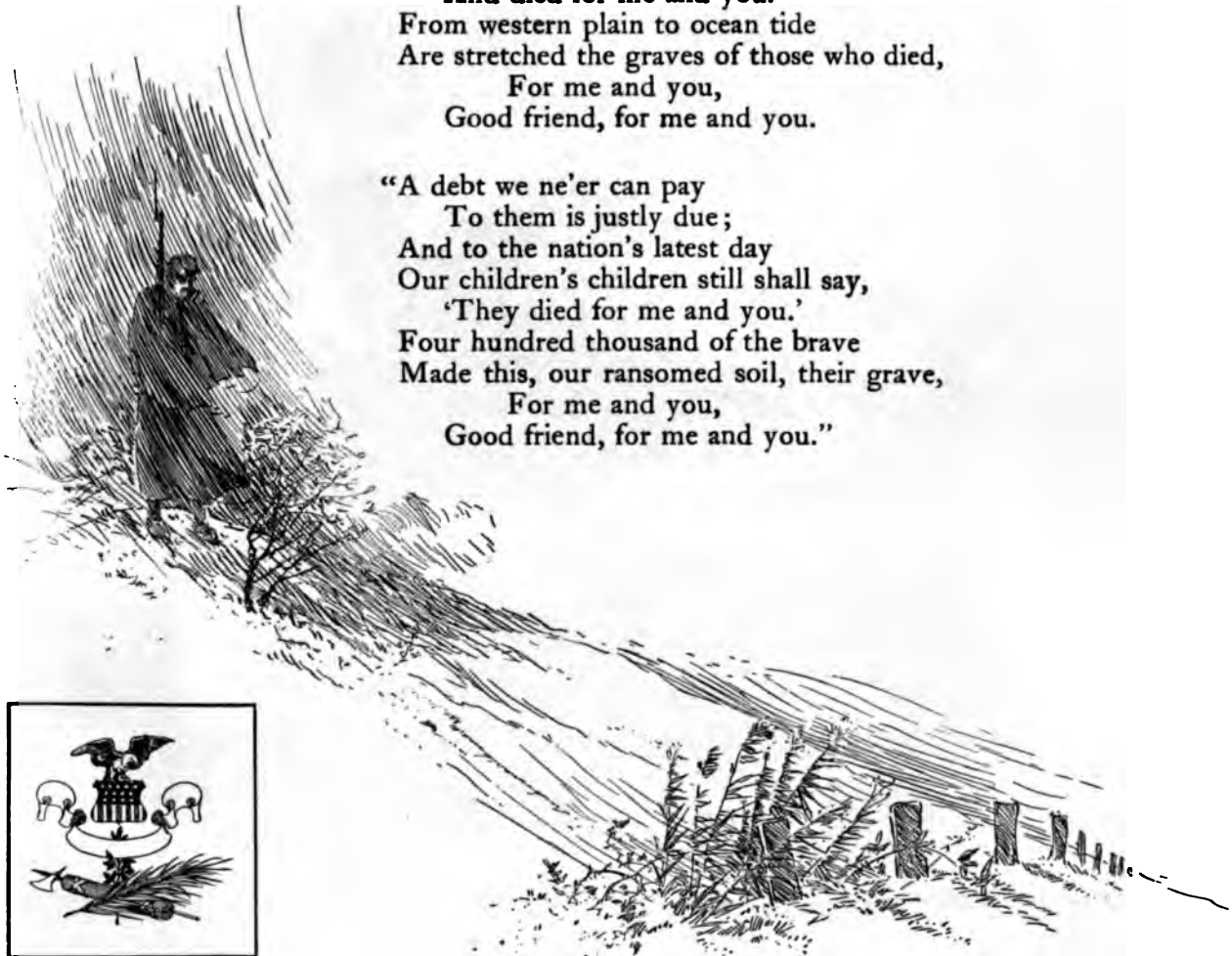
us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

"ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER," APRIL, 1865

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

"In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you.
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

"A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due;
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
'They died for me and you.'
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you."





AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

1865

ARTICLE XIII: Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. . . .

1868

ARTICLE XIV: All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States: nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. . . .



CONSECRATION

**"O Beautiful! My Country!
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee,
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"**

"TO SET ALL PEOPLE FREE"

**"What shall I say to you, Old Flag?
You are so grand in every fold,
So linked with mighty deeds of old,
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,
My throat swells at the sight of you,**

Old Flag.

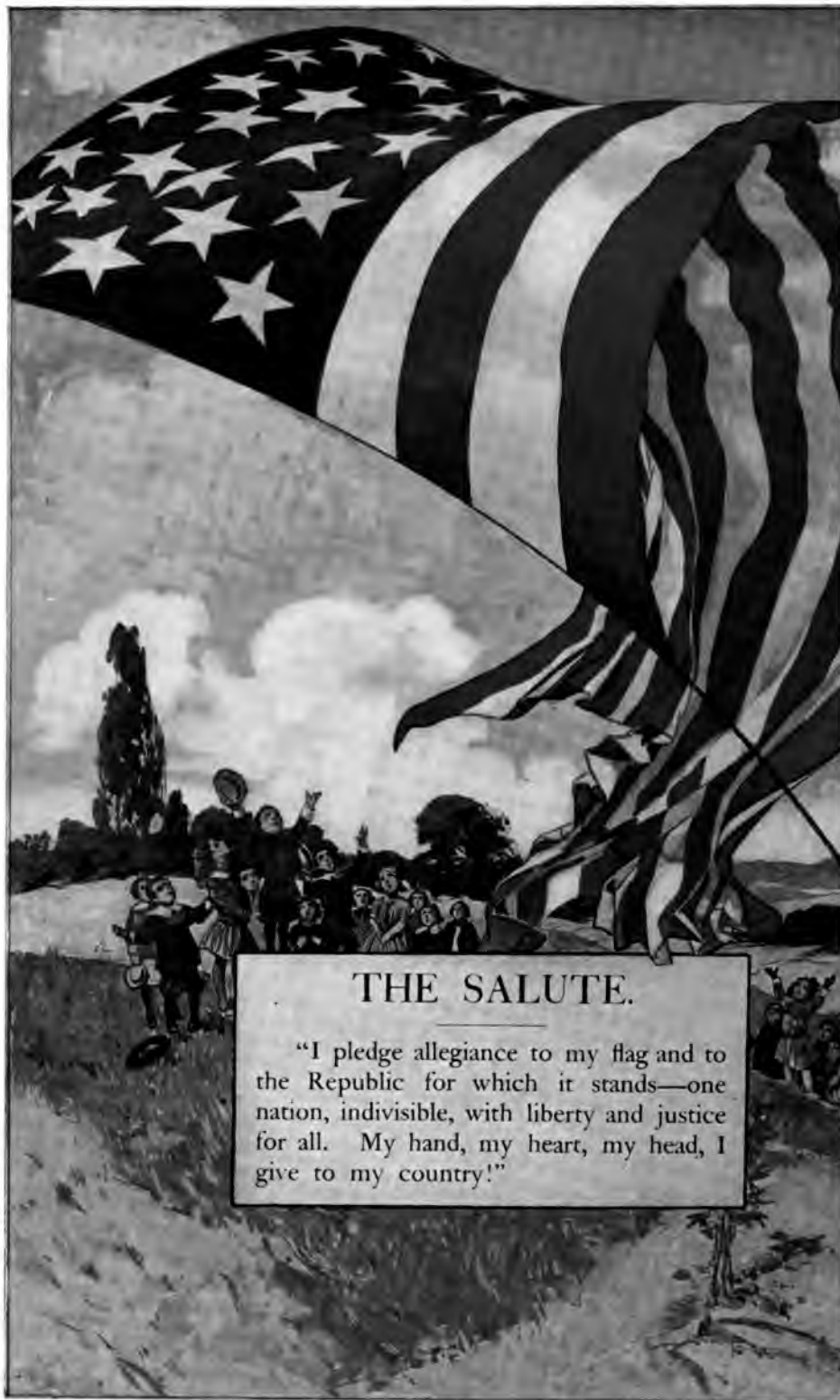
**"What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,
Who labored in the field by day,
Who all the night long, knelt to pray,
And thought that God great mercy gave,
If only freely you might wave,**

Old Flag?

**"What is your mission now, Old Flag?
What but to set all people free,
To rid the world of misery,
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,
And gather in one joyful throng
Beneath your folds, in close embrace,
All burdened ones of every race,**

Old Flag!"

—HUBBARD PARKER.



THE SALUTE.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. My hand, my heart, my head, I give to my country!"

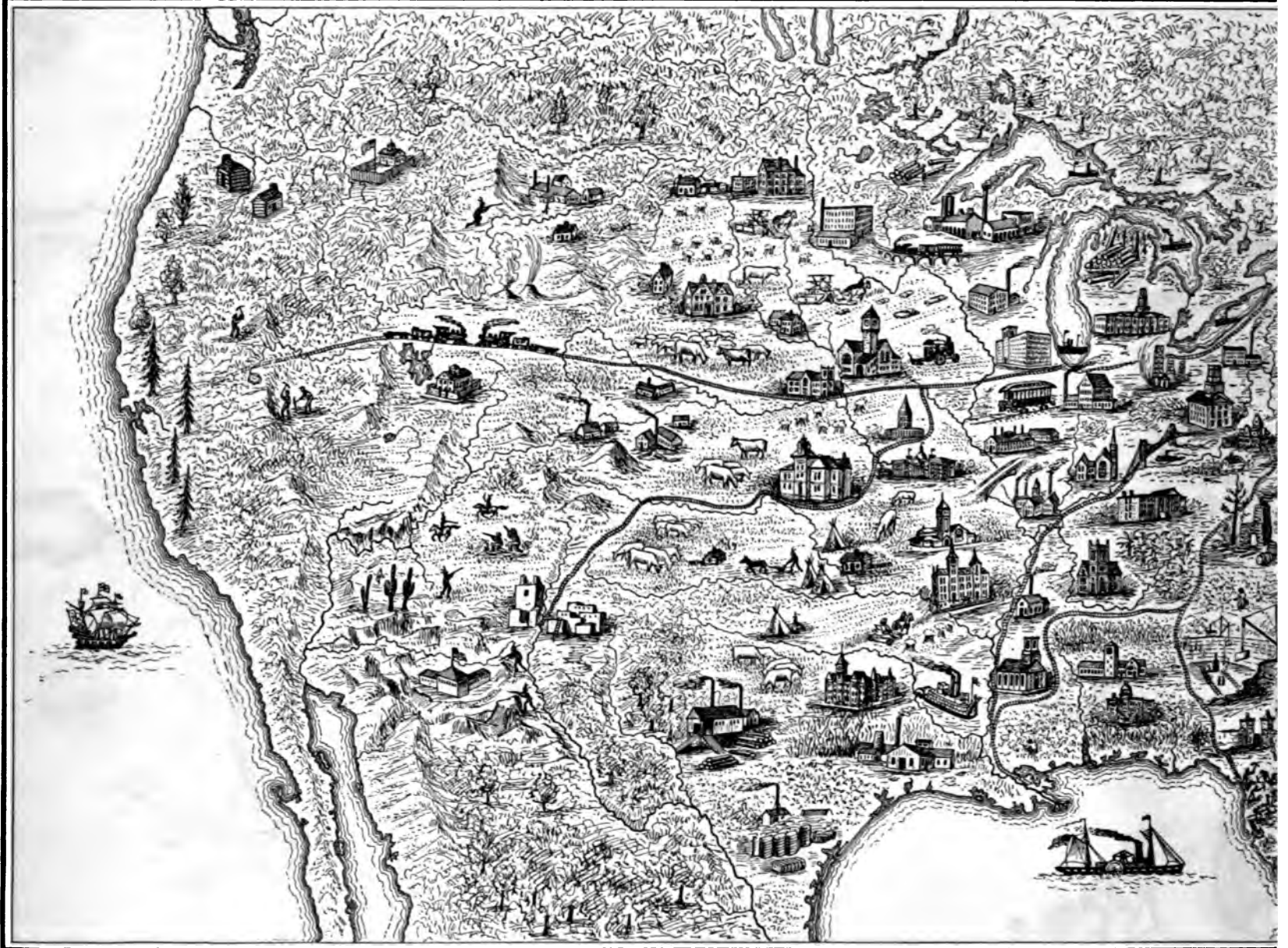
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

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1850

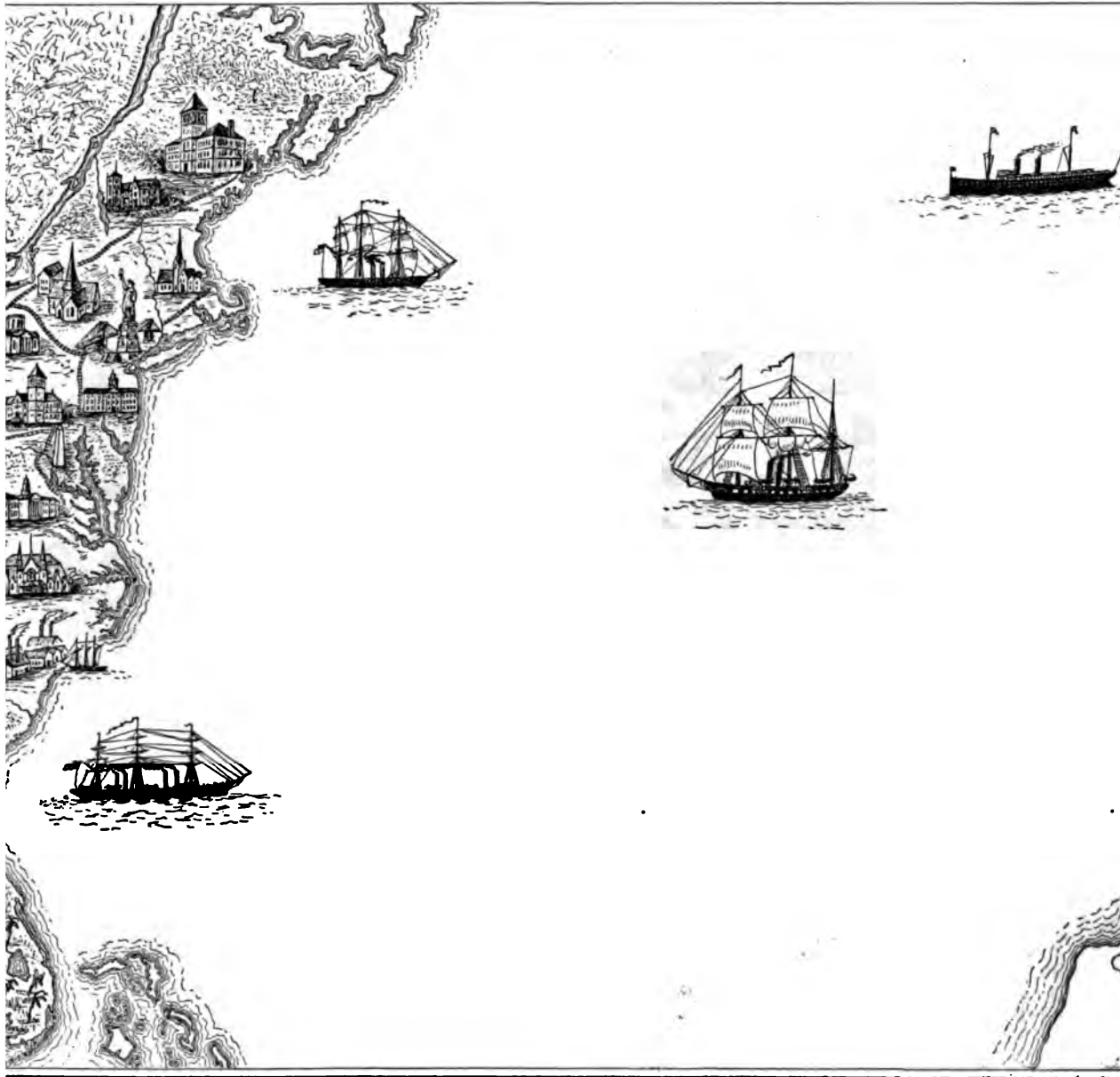
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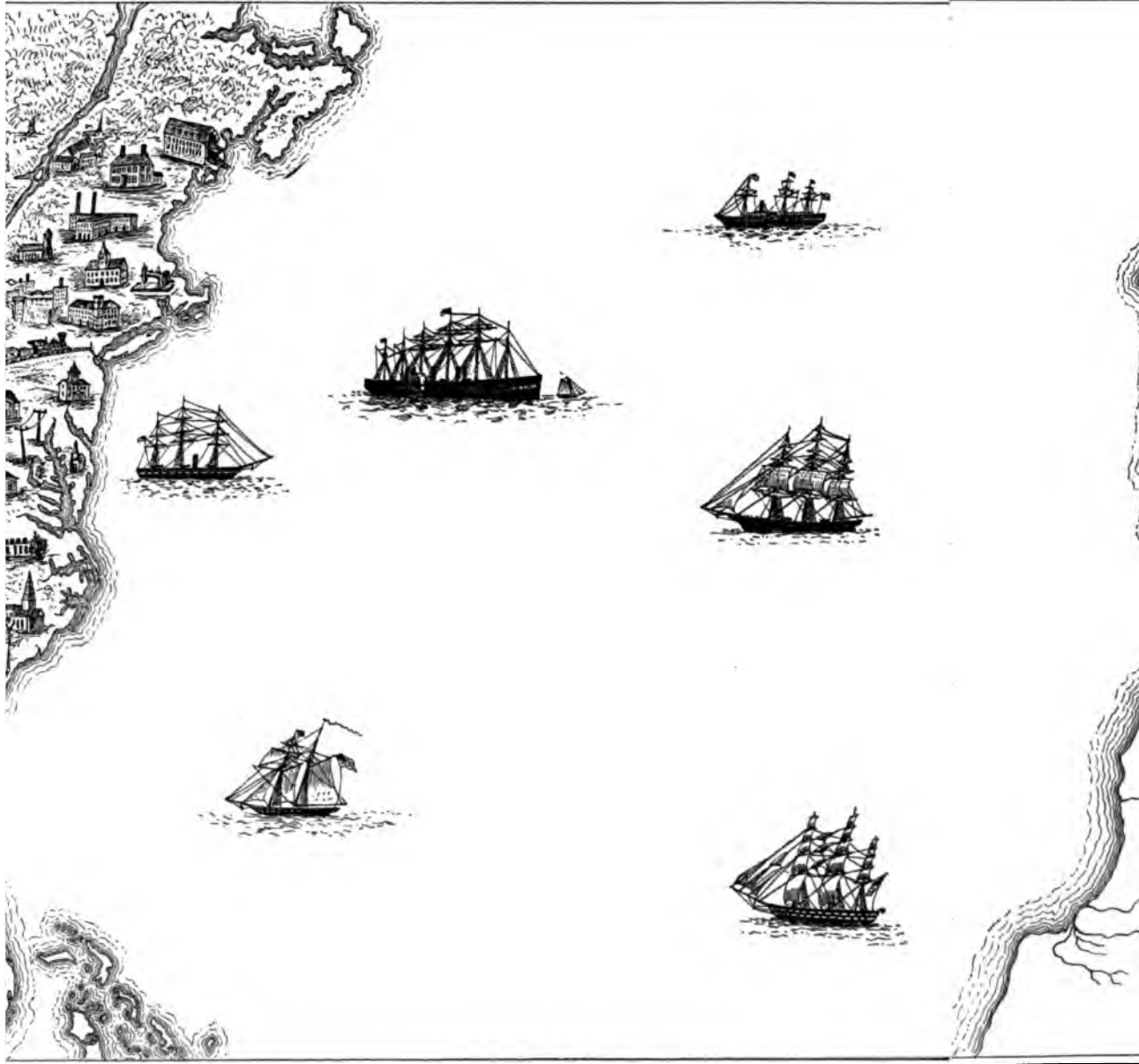
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MOVEMENT AND LIBERTY

AMERICA

1830



MOVEMENT

LIBERTY

by B. P. Willett and d

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

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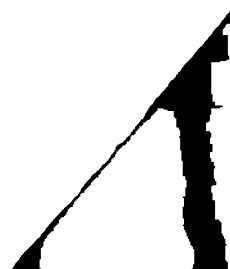


EVENT LIBERTY

Designed by B. P. Willett and

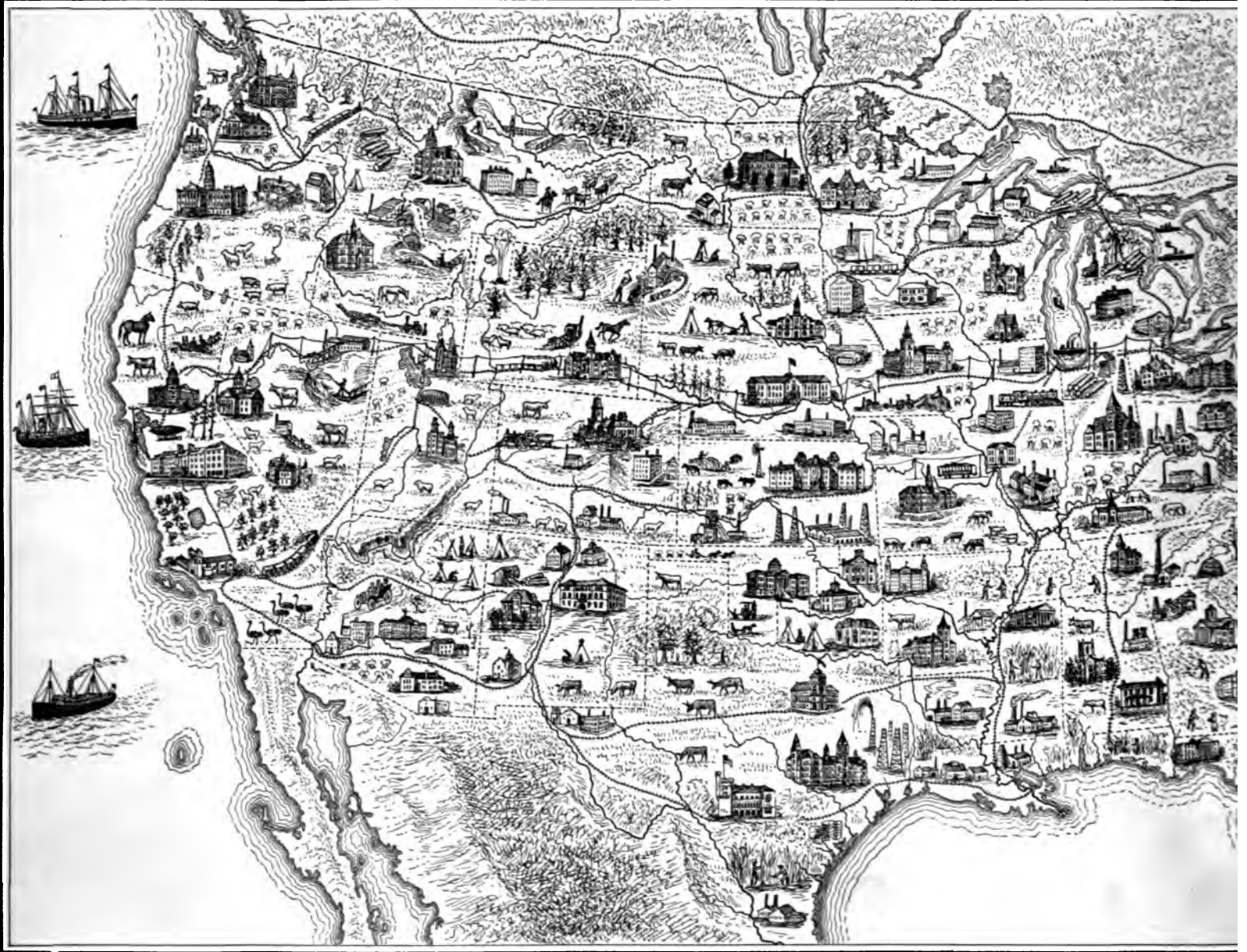


A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



FAIR

To-day

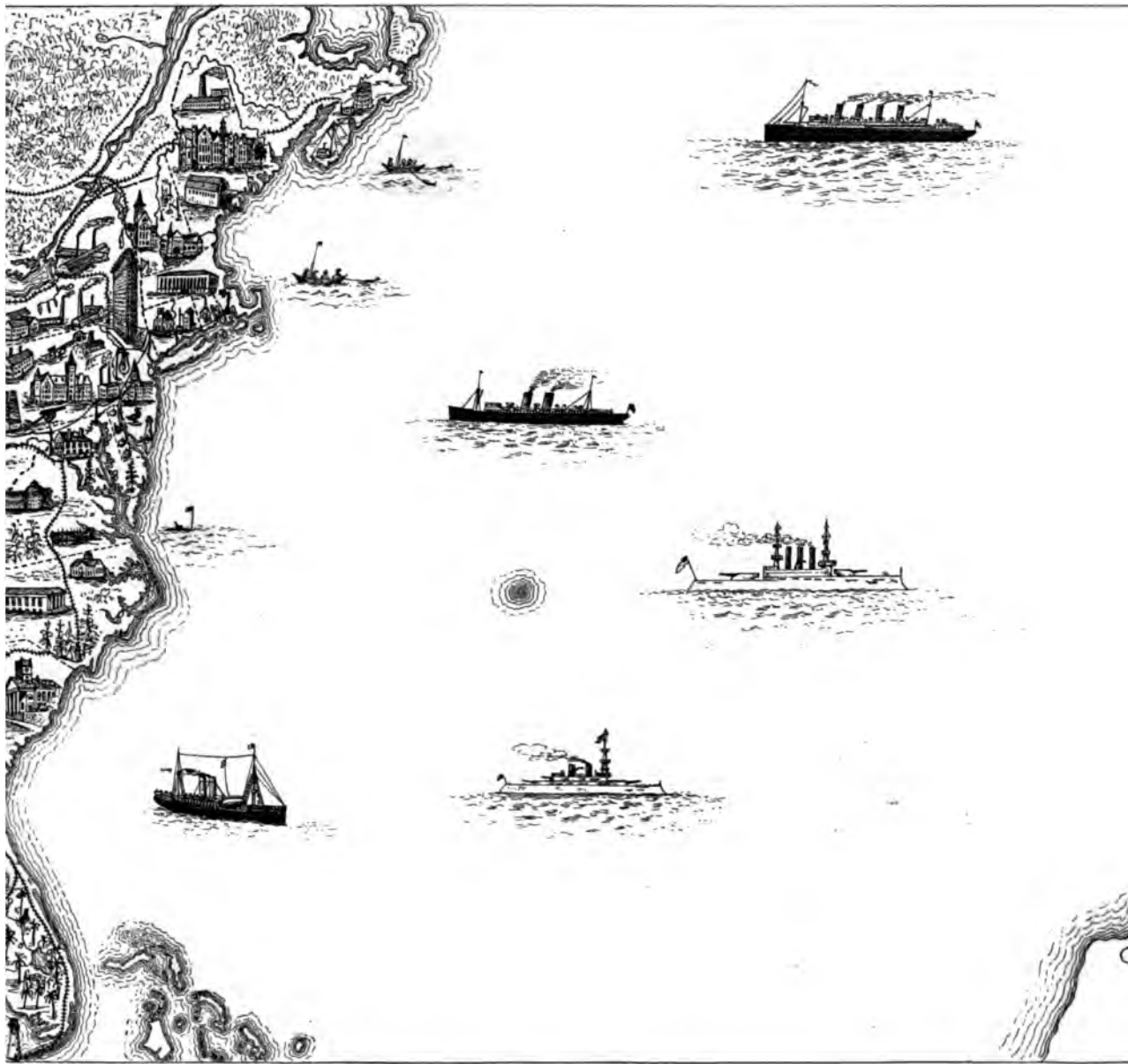


OPPORTUNITY

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AMERICA



MOVEMENT

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OPPORTUNITY ACHIE

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MOVEMENT

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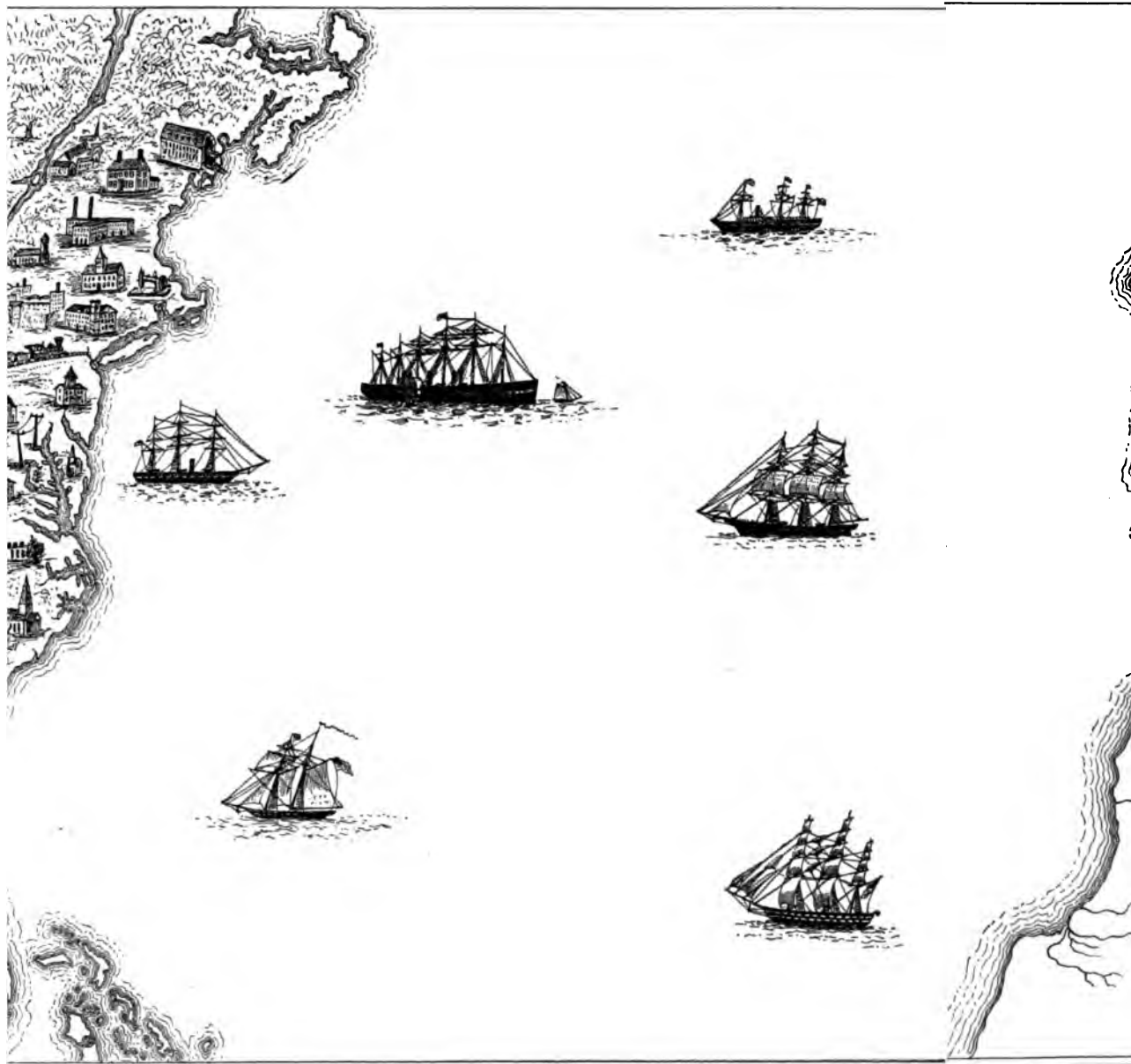
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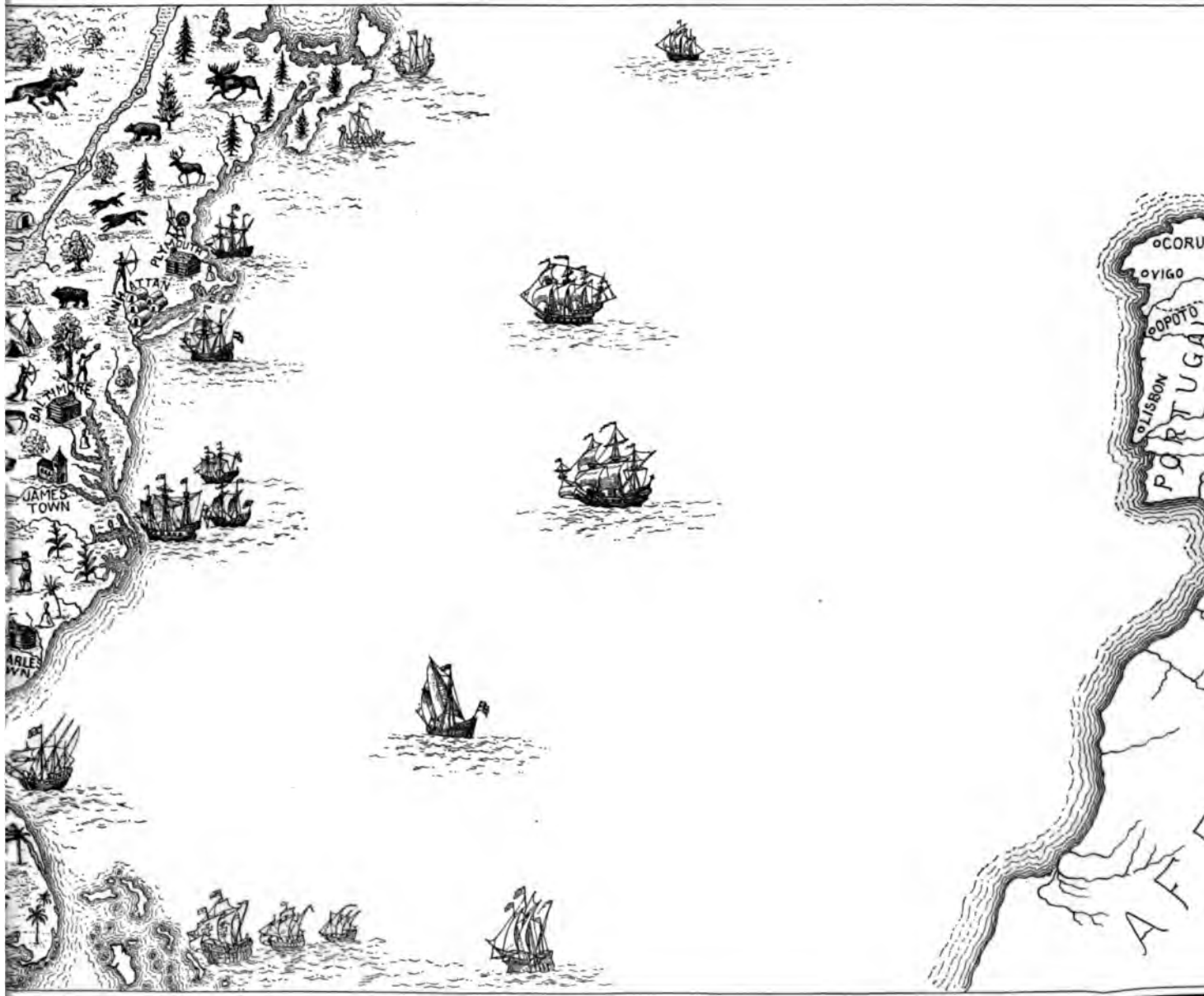
MOVEMENT

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by B. P. Willett and

AMERICA

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MOVEMENT LIBERTY

LIBERTY

Designed by B. P. Willett and drawn



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